PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

360

SEP 1931

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum.*

Vol. II. No. 28 (New Series) **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1931** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 269
THE LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT 272
THE POLICY OF THE TRADE UNIONS . . . 273
EDUCATING THE LISTENER-IN 274
CONGRESS IN RETREAT. By G. T. Garratt . . 275
A COMPLAINT AGAINST AUGTOBER. By Y. Y. . 276
CORRESPONDENCE. 277
From A. Romney Green; Stuart Gilbert; Rev. Walter B. Graham; Middle Class No. 2; Geoffrey Whitworth; P. K. Cross; R. H. Pott; H. B. Devey; Joseph Burtt; Rescue Worker; Prof. J. H. Muirhead; C. Margaret Leiser.
THE HEART OF DEGAS. By T. W. Earp . . 280
GLENCOE. By Keith Henderson 281
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 281
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne . . 282
REVIEWS:
The Intellectual Soldier. By Henry W. Nevinson 283
Robert Bridges. By E. J. Scovell . . . 283
American Fiction 284
The Return of Reason 285
Julie de Lespinasse 286
Atomism: Past, Present, and to Come. . . 287
SHORTER NOTICES 288
ABOUT MOTORING 290
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 292
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 294

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

AS the mist of religious enthusiasm with which the Government has been invested disperses, the situation appears every day more menacing. The policy of "economy" will be bitterly opposed throughout the country, not only because people usually object to a forced reduction in their standard of living, but also because a very large section of the community sincerely holds that it is a mistaken and disastrous policy. When Parliament meets on Tuesday next there will be a clear-cut division—a division which must inevitably approximate more closely than ever before in this country to an undisguised class struggle. The pretence that this is a National Government is already wearing thin. Talk of equality of sacrifice is rapidly giving way to assurances that the incomes of the well-to-do are not to be substantially damaged, and the only thing certainly known about the Government's programme is that the dole is to be cut. In preparing their schemes, the *Times* now tells us, "Ministers have had in view the urgent need of helping industry, and of not imposing fresh burdens which will make an industrial revival impossible or less easy of achievement." Quite so. To attempt to rehabilitate England by cutting wages and the dole and reducing social services in order that profits may be larger is an intelligible, though in our view a fatal policy. But why call it "equality of sacrifice"?

The hard kernel of the Opposition is the Trades Union Congress, which opens its meetings this week in Bristol. Since no one knows how long this Government will continue in office, the policy now hammered out by the Trade Unions and the Labour Party is of the utmost importance. If the Tory press has its way the Government will continue at least until next Spring; but it may, in fact, break up much more speedily as a result either of external opposition or of internal dissensions. It is at least possible, therefore, that Labour may be called upon to form a new Government in the course of the next few months. We should ourselves feel much more happy at this prospect were we sure that the leaders of the Opposition were fully alive to the difficulties that would then confront them and equally determined frankly to explain these difficulties to the rank and file. Already there are broad hints both from American and French sources that the pound is only secure while a Conservative administration is in office. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Bevin must have both a constructive policy and fully worked-out emergency plans in readiness. Opposition to cuts in the dole and in wages may lead to power—but no further. In the next few months Labour may again find itself with responsibility when there is a new threat of a flight from the pound. Are Labour leaders ready for that emergency?

* * *

With the best will in the world it will be extremely difficult for the Economy Ministry to be very different from a die-hard Government. Was there no tinge of

irony in the assurances of Liberal members of the Government that Mr. Lloyd George was like an old war horse champing the bit in his anxiety to lead a fight against everything he has ever stood for throughout his political life? Will not Mr. Lloyd George be rather glad in the long run that illness has made it impossible for him to be closely associated with a Government which is pledged to cut down social services and public works, and which is almost certain greatly to increase the number of unemployed? Already we see what the more extreme Tories hope of this Government. The *Daily Mail* has just offered it a programme which includes the repudiation of our mandates and expenditure in the Near East (Irak and Palestine are to be passed over to Italy): the Co-operative and Building Societies are to be attacked (the *Daily Mail* is not alone in believing, quite erroneously, that Building Societies pay no income tax). Cabinet Ministers are to do without salaries—which would certainly make government safe for the rich. As a tit-bit the *Daily Mail* recommends that our wretched subscription to the League of Nations should be withdrawn. If there is real opposition in Parliament, the *Daily Mail* urges "swift, strong and certain measures." In other words, if the electorate is a nuisance we are to have a Fascist dictatorship. We do not suggest that the Government will carry out any such policy. But since its programme is to reduce the pay of the poor and not to hamper industry with too much new taxation, all the pressure must be in a die-hard direction. The question is how long the Labour and Liberal members of the Government will be able to remain in coalition with the Tories.

* * *

One unfortunate result of the formation of the new Government is that it alters the composition of the British delegation to Geneva. It is one thing to appoint a Foreign Minister who has had wide experience of Indian affairs in view of an approaching Round Table Conference, but it is surely a disaster that, at this critical moment in Europe, this Foreign Minister should not be in a position to attend the Council and the Assembly. We have nothing against any of the chosen delegates and we are delighted that Sir Arthur Salter is to go if only as a second string, but the hopes of the Disarmament Conference, of justice to Minorities, and of England playing the leading part she should play are sensibly diminished by the absence of Mr. Henderson. Lord Cecil, with all his great enthusiasm and prestige, cannot speak with the full authority of a Cabinet Minister, and that, at Geneva, is what England needs this year more than any other.

* * *

The circumstances in which the Government was formed made the decision to proceed only with non-controversial bills apart from the new measures designed to deal with the emergency—practically inevitable. So once more those old friends the Consumers' Council Bill, the Factory Bill, and the Bill to ratify the Washington Hours Convention are put back into the familiar pigeon holes. The only important measure of which the fate is still uncertain is Mr. Morrison's London Passenger Transport Bill, which may be allowed to go on. But its chance of becoming law now presumably depends on it being hacked about enough to be converted from a measure of half-socialisation into a scheme for preserving private enterprise, under some degree of public control, such as Conservatives can support with a good conscience. The larger project of electrifying the main-line railways, in accordance with the plan proposed in the Weir Report, is, we suppose, now definitely out of practical politics, as clearly contrary to the new policy of do-nothing economy. Dr. Addison's agricultural schemes are also, we fear, as dead as mutton; for, with the "farmers' friends" back in effective power, there is little chance of anything useful being done to help the farmer. Sunday cinemas are still hanging in the balance; if the Bill is shelved there is an unpleasing prospect of renewed Sabbath chaos.

* * *

It was a foregone conclusion that Mr. MacDonald would forfeit by his recent actions the confidence of the Seaham Labour Party. For Seaham is essentially a mining seat and a stronghold of orthodox Labour opinion, and no section of the organised working class is more solidly hostile to the new Government than the mining community. Mr. MacDonald must have known full well when he made his decision that if he wished to sit in the next House of Commons he would have to seek another constituency. It is not so easy to say where he will find one to his mind, if the next General Election is fought on party lines. Mr. Snowden has anticipated the action of the Colne Valley Labour Party by his announcement that he had decided some time ago not to seek re-election. Otherwise, his fate would in all probability have been one with his leader's; for Colne Valley, once represented by Mr. Victor Grayson, has an old name for militancy, and not even the richness of Mr. Snowden's Yorkshire flavour could easily have saved him.

* * *

Mr. J. H. Thomas's parting from the National Union of Railwaymen is a severance indeed. For, whatever differences of opinion there have been in Labour circles about Mr. Thomas's politics, no one has disputed his ability as a Trade Union negotiator, or the quality of his services to the N.U.R. No body of Trade Unionists has fared better than the railwaymen in the difficult times through which industry has been passing; and it is beyond dispute that they owe their success in raising their standard of life mainly to Mr. Thomas. Nevertheless, the parting was inevitable; for the railwaymen are among the most solid supporters of the Labour Party, and Mr. Thomas's political attitude has for years past been diverging steadily from that of his fellow Trade Unionists. He is undoubtedly right in holding that he could not possibly have obeyed the call of his Union to resign his position in the "National" Government. For, far more than either Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Snowden, Mr. Thomas is likely to find himself at home with his new colleagues. He is an Imperialist, and he favours a tariff; and he has never been a Socialist in any sense. Mr. Thomas's political future may be uncertain; but he is likely to be happier with Mr. Baldwin than he could ever have been in a Labour Government that really meant business. For

ourselves, we have rather a fancy for seeing Mr. Thomas in the House of Lords.

* * *

French diplomacy, supported by French gold, has announced yet another triumph. It has secured the abandonment by Austria and Germany of the much-discussed Customs Union. At the moment of writing it is not yet clear whether Germany and Austria will formally renounce their adherence to this plan. Indeed, it is hard to believe that Herr Curtius and even Herr Schober can humiliate themselves to such an extent. Yet the semi-official French press is insistent that the declaration will be made. In any case it is obvious that the Customs Pact has been shelved. Austria has no other choice. She is being pressed by the Bank of England for repayment of the credit granted at the time of the collapse of the Credit-Anstalt, and, in the present state of world finance, France is the only country who can assist her. She must make the best terms she can. The French diplomatists are jubilant. Within a few weeks they have succeeded in making a pact with Russia, in driving a wedge between Germany and Austria, and in reducing Hungary to subservience. It is difficult to contradict M. Sauerwein's assertion in the *Matin* of last Tuesday that recent events "have made the domination of France complete" and that "the present financial and economic problems cannot be solved at Geneva, because it is France that has the deciding voice."

* * *

With the sailing of Mr. Gandhi from Bombay the centre of interest is transferred from India to England. It is true that there is a considerable section of Indians, some inside and some outside the Congress Party, who are determined to wreck the Conference, but there is no reason to believe that they will succeed if the Government continues the policy laid down last winter. The President of the Congress, Mr. Patel, was known to oppose the idea of Mr. Gandhi attending the Conference, but the latter undoubtedly pleased the majority of his supporters when he stepped on board the *Rajputana*. Similarly the small terrorist gang which is operating in Bengal is losing the little sympathy which it formerly could count upon amongst the more fervent nationalists. The unfortunate riot which followed the murder of a Moslem police officer at Chittagong has had a sobering effect upon the Congress press, for it proves again that any attempt at a violent or non-violent movement against the Government is likely to lead to communal disturbances, and a series of minor Cawnpores. This fact had already been recognised by Mr. Gandhi in a recent issue of *Young India*, and it gives grounds for hoping that he will adopt a fairly reasonable attitude when he has to face the task of constitution-making in company with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. Jayakar, Sir Mirza Ismail, and others with far more experience and considerably more acumen than himself.

* * *

Among the many topics discussed this week at the meeting of the Library Association at Cheltenham none was more important or of greater interest than the President's statement about the growth of the Central Library. The Central Library is, roughly, a clearing-house for books. When the final arrangements are made in the Central Library's new home in Bloomsbury, there will be space for a million books, and for the organisation required to deal with the system of co-operative libraries, by which the member of a small village library in Cornwall or Cumberland may borrow a book in the possession, say, of the Society of Antiquaries. Scholars, too, from other countries have often found grave inconvenience in the fact that our treasures are so scattered; and that, for the proper study of a man or a period, journeys may have to be made to many different libraries. It should be possible now, by the friendly assistance of English scholars, for a foreigner to have all the books he needs sent to him in London, or wherever he is living. It is to be hoped that the activities of the Central Library and its allies here and abroad will not be subjected to the current passion for thrift.

* * *

London this week has been "floodlit," in connection with the International Illumination Congress; this nocturnal jamboree is to last throughout the month. Immense crowds have paraded the streets, and the bus and tram services have made money. The effects provided vary in merit; there have been some striking cloud reflections, and the spire of St. Bride's is very fine; but what is more often achieved is the suggestion of a Drury Lane backcloth. The flood-lighting has, no doubt, some obscure technical significance—we do not, in this country, spend money on purely æsthetic grounds—but the occasion of these experiments seems strangely inopportune. We are urged on all hands to economise; yet—by way of throwing light on the need for retrenchment—we see millions of candle power ostentatiously wasted. The defence put forward is that the waste does not fall on public funds; but this is no defence at all; if what we are up against is over-consumption, flood-lighting, like—say—champagne, fox-hunting, and the Schneider Trophy race, should obviously be dispensed with. They say Nero fiddled while Rome was blazing, and—as if to point the moral—we now have the illusion of London blazing while the new economy orchestra is tuning up.

* * *

A letter from a certain Mr. H. Powys Greenwood in the *Times* of September 3rd explains neatly enough why some people take very kindly to the policy of "economy." Mr. Powys Greenwood writes:

> There is a general feeling that the sacrifices are essential and are being shared by all. This general sharing is, indeed, the vital factor, and, incidentally, lessens the real burden of the cuts. My own landlord, for instance, has reduced my rent by 20 per cent., and my servants have cheerfully accepted cuts of 10 to 15 per cent.
>
> It seems to me that if the national programme of retrenchment to be initiated by the present Government is unaccompanied by a national effort on the lines indicated, a great opportunity will have been lost.

We ourselves could face with complete equanimity the prospect of such cuts as Mr. Greenwood is to be exposed to.

THE LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT

ON Sunday last prayers were offered in the Abbey for the National Government: the *Times* is full of patriotic letters renouncing expenditure and holding up to obloquy those who oppose the policy of "economy" or demand the right to consider what it means. Ernest gentlemen are beginning to economise in all directions: we have even met with one who had cut down his supply of newspapers and who then found it necessary each day to send his chauffeur with a large car into the nearest town to buy the *Daily Herald*. Every effort is being made to suggest that, as at the beginning of the war, there is only one thing to be done and only one way of doing it. Mr. MacDonald indeed says that it is the war again, and no doubt he finds himself just in that atmosphere of concentrated patriotism in which he so steadily refused to immerse himself in 1914. If he paused to consider he would see that the analogy is exactly the reverse of the truth. In war the whole machinery of production is set at work in order to supply one insatiable demand. To-day the opposite is to take place. Activity is to be slowed down, wheels are to be stopped, in order that we may spend less, consume less and work less. Economy sounds well until particular economies are examined and their results gauged. There are already signs that the little devil doubt is putting in an appearance.

The *Manchester Guardian*, at first delighted with the formation of the new Government, is, as one might expect, among the first to look ahead. It urges that, since "the National Government bids fair to be the most unpopular of modern times," it must dissolve as quickly as possible lest the Labour opposition gathers an overwhelming strength. Now just what does this mean? Once the new Government has carried out its economies, by hypothesis it will have become unpopular; if it dissolves before carrying out its task, why should it ever have existed? But one can well understand the anxiety of the *Manchester Guardian* that the Liberals, who are to support this Government, should not be too deeply implicated in a policy which makes nonsense of everything that the *Manchester Guardian* itself and that advanced Liberalism as a whole has championed for twenty years. It has too much sanity to believe that the National Government will be in a position to carry out the economies that are really desirable or to believe that the economies that are foreshadowed can be anything but disastrous.

The first result of the formation of an Economy Cabinet has been to reverse the wheels of local expenditure on public works. The L.C.C. is to suspend its constructive works; Watford is to abandon its new housing schemes; Brighton is not to build a long-needed hospital, and so on all over the country. How, in the name of common sense, can such economies help our condition? Clearly they create unemployment and the unemployed must be kept alive. If they are to be denied the dole and put upon the Poor Law, is that a real "economy"? True, Poor Law expenditure does not appear directly in the Budget, and American investors know nothing of local finance. But experience of bankrupt local authorities should have convinced even Mr. Neville Chamberlain that there is not much economy in bankrupting local authorities. If a reduced standard of life does at all benefit our export trade, such advantage will be far more than offset by the loss of purchasing power in the home market, which has hitherto borne up remarkably well.

Are the Labour and Liberal members of this new Government really going to sponsor most of the other economies advocated in the May report? Take, for instance, a twenty per cent. cut in teachers' salaries. The argument that the cost of living has fallen is here quite irrelevant. The Burnham scale was not intended merely to stabilise teachers' wages. Teachers were notoriously shockingly paid, and the Burnham scale was introduced in order to make teaching a self-respecting profession. The teachers and others who are to have their pay cut will no doubt be told that it is their duty to submit, since "equal sacrifices" are to be made by all sections of the community. But are either the Liberal or Labour members of the present Cabinet simple enough to believe that their Conservative colleagues will agree to taxes in any way proportionate to the sacrifices demanded from the poor? If the dole is to be cut by ten per cent., a mathematically proportionate sacrifice would be another 2s. on the Income Tax. Obviously to load new taxes upon industry is not the way to promote "confidence" and, more obviously still, the whole conception of equality of sacrifice is sheer humbug. What possible sacrifice can be made by a man with £5,000 a year commensurate with the loss of two shillings a week by a man whose income is a pound or twenty-five shillings?

After the hot fit, the cold. The half-dozen Labour supporters of the Cabinet and the Liberals who have announced their general approval of the policy of economy must soon be alive to the trick that has been played upon them. Their names and their prestige are to be used for a policy which they have spent their lives in combating. To-day they are applauded by every ratepayer who grudges an extra penny in the pound for a hospital, a library or a slum clearance scheme, by every dug-out in Bournemouth or Cheltenham, by every ancient peer who never attends the House of Lords. They are idolised by the *Daily Mail*. When the economy programme is finished we are to be offered the kind of tariffs which the Tories want, and Mr. Snowden and the Liberals can be left on the scrap-heap amid the ruins of everything that they have ever worked for.

That is not, of course, how it appears to Mr. MacDonald. But the National Government must necessarily follow a Conservative, indeed a die-hard, course unless it breaks up without accomplishing what it has promised to do. No wonder the little devil doubt is beginning to trouble the minds of Liberal supporters of the Government. Not so many weeks will have passed before all progressive opinion will have awakened to the fact that the National Government is not National at all, but a Conservative Government carrying out a Conservative policy with a Labour Premier and Liberal support. When that is fully realised the really important thing is that the Labour Party should have a policy to offer, one which it can defend and implement when its turn again arrives.

THE POLICY OF THE TRADE UNIONS

THE Trades Union Congress, which is to hold its annual meeting during this next week, has come in for a good deal of abuse this last fortnight as the sinister power behind the Labour Party. For the Trades Union Congress General Council was the body which took the lead in opposing the policy of cuts in the social services; and the first suggestion of a serious Cabinet crisis followed upon the meeting between the late Government and members of the General Council. The Council, as the representative of the Trade Union movement, declared its uncompromising hostility to any reduction in unemployment benefit or in wage-rates, and to the general policy of retrenchment which Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden had determined to pursue; and it outlined, through its Economic Committee, an alternative method of dealing with the financial crisis.

The Labour Party, of course, though it has opened its ranks to all comers, is still based mainly upon the Trade Union movement; and, in the last resort, the voting strength of the Labour Party Conference is overwhelmingly in the hands of the big Trade Unions. What the T.U.C. says next week is likely, then, to be fully endorsed when the Labour Party Conference meets in October; for the Trade Union movement, if it wishes to dictate a policy to the Labour Party, is always in a position to secure that the majority shall be on its side. It has often been argued that this is the Labour Party's weakness, because it makes of it in effect the representative of a class, despite the widening of the basis of its membership. But it can also be urged that it is the source of the Labour Party's strength; for assuredly the dependence of the party upon the Trade Unions is a powerful obstacle to any serious cleavage in its ranks. Trade Unionists are very well aware that disunity is fatal in the industrial field; and they carry their industrial conceptions into politics. Differences of opinion they tolerate, as a rule, readily enough; but the pressing of any difference to the point of an actual split is felt at once as involving disloyalty. Sir Oswald Mosley was a powerful influence as long as he remained and pressed his policy from within the Labour ranks. But as soon as he broke away and tried to form a new party, almost all his hold on working-class opinion was gone. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden had, of course, far greater prestige, based on far longer and more notable service, within the Labour movement; but it is most doubtful if even their influence can survive at all their decision to enter a national coalition in face of the hostility of the majority of their late colleagues. Persons with no inside knowledge of the Labour movement find it hard to understand how little the influence of any individual counts against the sentiment of collective solidarity. They think of the Labour Party as like other parties, and of the party membership as followers of the party leaders. But in fact the Labour Party is vitally different from the others, in that within its ranks personal influence counts for far less in the formation of policy, and leaders also count for less, in comparison with the collective sentiment of the movement as a whole.

It is, then, perfectly true that the Trades Union Congress is the ultimate power behind the Labour Party. But the idea of the Congress, or the General Council, as a savage experiment of class-war doctrines is somewhat laughable to those who know the Labour Movement from the inside. Indeed, Congress is just as likely to appear in the role of a moderating, as of an extremist, influence on Labour policy. It is not so long since Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, as the leading representatives of I.L.P. Socialism, were confronting Congress as the exponents of pacifism against the Trade Union attitude of national collaboration in the war. It is even less long since there was a threat to make a right-wing Trade Union party in opposition to the Socialist tendency of the Labour Party and the I.L.P.; and, more recently still, the T.U.C. was arousing Socialist fears by the negotiations with Lord Melchett and the Federation of British Industries for some sort of industrial truce based on an agreement between Capital and Labour.

The Trades Union Congress, then, is certainly not a body of irreconcilable extremists animated by a devotion to Bolshevism or an implacable belief in the doctrines of Karl Marx. It is, as it showed even—or perhaps above all—in the General Strike of 1926, a very moderate organisation, with a passion for "graduation" which certainly no Labour politician can surpass. But it has some quite definite principles, or, if you will, prejudices, which nothing can avail to shake; and among them stand out a strong dislike of wage-reduction, and a firm belief that it is the State's business to make adequate provision for maintaining the unemployed, and to use taxation as a means of redressing economic inequalities.

On this basis the Trades Union Congress has defined its policy in relation to the present economic crisis. There was nothing new or strange in the views which it put before Mr. MacDonald and his late colleagues; for it had been saying the same thing, in one memorandum or manifesto after another, long before the crisis assumed its present immediacy. If the choice has to be made between a deflating policy which involves forcible reduction of prices and costs at the expense of money wages and the volume of employment and a contrary policy which preserves money wages by raising the price-level, the immediate instinct of Congress and General Council alike will be to prefer the second; for a falling price level is intimately connected in their minds with trade depression, with unemployment, and with strikes or lock-outs in which the Trade Union movement goes down to inevitable defeat, whereas rising prices suggest higher wages, increased employment, and an accession of membership to the Trade Unions.

The conflict between these two policies is of old standing. For years past Trade Unionism has been denouncing deflation, evoking curses on the heads of the banking fraternity, and objecting to a policy which has steadily added to the burden of the National Debt and of all fixed interest charges at the expense of the rest of the community. The Trades Union Congress was represented on the Macmillan Committee by Mr. Ernest Bevin, the most effective member; and it can, in the main, claim the support of the Macmillan Committee for its view that the policy of deflation is likely to be disastrous in the effects on the working class and that every effort ought to be made to raise prices, if possible by international action, before the necessity of deflation is accepted. The policy of Mr. MacDonald and his new colleagues appears to be precisely what the Macmillan Committee rejected, and what the Trades Union Congress has for a long time denounced. Doubtless, its advocates claim that the situation has now so changed for the worse as to make this policy inevitable and urgent. But the leaders of Congress are not convinced; and the manner of approach to them was such as to suggest an attempt to jockey them into an entire change of attitude.

Doubtless the new fact that has emerged is that, for the moment at least, there is little chance of effective international action to raise the level of world prices: so that the country has to face the immediate financial difficulties without the hope that the situation can be cured quickly by this means. Evidently the conclusion drawn by Mr. Snowden is that in these circumstances deflation and severe economy are the sole remaining alternative. But the Trades Union Congress takes a different view. If the world cannot be persuaded to take collective action, the Trade Union leaders would prefer the country to act alone rather than accept the dictation of world-forces as interpreted by the leaders of world finance.

Under present conditions this amounts in effect to the advocacy of a tariff in some form, whether it be called a tariff for revenue or a system of protective duties. The

Trade Unions have certainly a preference for a free trade system; but they have no such absolute belief in Free Trade as makes Mr. Snowden ready to die in the last ditch, or to sever his lifelong connection with Labour in its defence. If more money must be found by taxation as the only alternative to cutting down the social services, the Trade Union leaders would for the most part be prepared to find it, after getting what they could by increased taxation of the rich and especially of the *rentiers*, by means of a tariff. If exports do not balance imports, most of the Trade Union leaders would prefer an attempt to limit imports to an endeavour to increase exports at the cost of cutting wages still further in the exporting trades. All this has been said again and again: it is no new thing that has emerged in the crisis of the past fortnight. But now that the Labour Party resumes its old role of opposition this attitude assumes a new importance.

For the alternative policy which Mr. Henderson and his colleagues put forward can hardly be made effective without some form of protection or revenue tariff, unless indeed it is to be achieved by the more risky expedient of positive inflation. It is known that the majority of the members of the late Cabinet were prepared, in the circumstances, to support some sort of revenue tariff, and that the expedient was rejected because of the uncompromising hostility of Mr. Snowden and the Liberals. These obstacles have now been removed; and it will not be surprising if Labour, and especially Trade Union, opinion now moves more decisively towards the expedient of a tariff.

Our readers are aware that we have no love for this policy and no belief in its lasting efficacy. The full discussion of the revenue tariff in these columns some weeks ago did not persuade us to support a tariff which would in fact exercise a protective effect without science or discrimination. But we agree with the Trade Unions in preferring even such a tariff to the sort of deflation which is now being foisted on the country. But at best a tariff is a mere expedient and the important thing is that the leaders of the T.U.C. should this week explain the choice of policies, not shelving the issue by putting the blame on the banks, but stating in exact terms what policy they would advocate to meet just such another crisis and what risks they would run if they themselves had the responsibility of government.

EDUCATING THE LISTENER-IN

A SERIES of talks announced by the B.B.C. for the Autumn and Winter marks a distinct step forward in the educational policy of the Corporation and shows that it is cautiously alive to the educational possibilities in broadcasting. The series, under the title *This Changing World*, is planned by the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education and will extend over six months from October to March. The main subjects to be dealt with in these talks are five, although the B.B.C. in its announcement programme prefixes to them a sixth, called *The Modern Dilemma*, one of those vast, gaseous, intellectual nebulae, brooded over by Professor Macmurray, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and others, about which we shall say a word later. The five main subjects are Industry and Trade, Literature and Art, Science, The Modern State, and Education and Leisure. About twenty different speakers are already announced to deal with them and most of these speakers will give a continuous series of six weekly talks on their subject or sub-subject. For instance, Mr. D. H. Robertson will deal with "Why does poverty continue?" and Sir Arthur Salter with "The problem of world government" in six talks each.

The subjects and the speakers seem to be very well chosen, on the whole, and the published syllabuses are good, but we are not concerned here with either appreciation or criticism of details. Our interest is in the relation of this series to the general educational policy and activities of the B.B.C. We have said above that it marks a step forward in the B.B.C.'s educational policy, and this statement may require some explanation for those who have not closely followed the evolution of that strange organism, half autocracy, and half democracy, which has its home in Savoy Hill. Broadcasting only began about ten years ago and the B.B.C. as an organisation is in its infancy, though it has grown with enormous rapidity. (Like all infants which grow very fast, it requires careful and sympathetic watching.) At first broadcasting was regarded mainly as a new means of entertainment and it seemed that the ether might be monopolised by jazz bands and music-hall turns and, under private ownership, compete as a profit-making concern with gramophones, theatres, and cinemas. But it soon became clear that broadcasting could also be used as a tremendous instrument both of propaganda and of education, and that neither of these functions could safely be left in the hands of the private capitalist controlling the ether without interference from any one except the voluble, but not very intelligible, author of atmospherics. So the State had to step in, and eminent politicians who abhor Socialism withdrew another great industry from private enterprise, decided to nationalise the ether but not the railways, and handed it all over to the new public corporation, the B.B.C.

The B.B.C. was at once faced with the problem of education in the widest sense—a difficult and delicate task. Its opportunities, particularly for adult education, were obviously enormous. But such education shades off by imperceptible degrees into propaganda through the no man's land of mere controversy. The man, for instance, who boldly starts out on the path of adult education in a modern democracy and attempts, let us say, to impart what knowledge he has upon the subject of the gold standard or relativity, will inevitably find himself in the territory of controversy and, before long, impaled upon the barbed-wire entanglements of politics and religion. The unfortunte B.B.C. speaker so impaled would then receive upon his head showers of indignant letters from listeners-in who, as the case may be, either venerate or abhor Lenin or who believe or disbelieve in a personal author of atmospherics. It was in order to avoid such a catastrophe that the educational policy of the B.B.C. was at first to proscribe "controversy." Politics and religion were forbidden as subjects which no decent person can discuss in public. A creditable effort was made to educate a democracy by giving it only knowledge which had no relevance to the world in which it had to live or to the world to which it might go after death. The effort failed. The staff of the B.B.C. contains many intelligent and enthusiastic people, fully aware of the fact that they have in their hands one of the most powerful instruments for creating a really educated democracy, capable of understanding the questions of politics, economics, and even religion, upon which respectable Englishmen are expected to give their decision in the silence and secrecy of the ballot. A natural and prudent timidity caused progress to be slow. Controversy was allowed to creep in. The discussion of political questions was authorised under a curious and unsatisfactory arrangement by which the Party Whips are given three fingers in the pie. The tabu was raised even upon religion and eminent persons were allowed to discuss such dangerous subjects as the immortality of the soul and the grounds for some of their most fundamental beliefs and disbeliefs.

But, perhaps, the greatest step forward was taken in the creation of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education, in effect an advisory committee of independent educationists. With their aid talks and series of talks were arranged which began to have definite value for adult education. A system of groups or circles was also organised through which listeners-in were encouraged to meet for the

purpose of listening to these special educational talks and to discuss them afterwards under the guidance of a group leader. But hitherto the programmes, while in many ways excellent, have suffered from timidity and from the obvious fear of rousing the many people who believe that all knowledge which can be related to life is dangerous and that the expression of any opinion, except their own, immoral. The talks tended therefore to provide that type of adult education which, in default of better, is not to be despised, but which is devitalised because it always has to be shrouded and shielded from contact with life and living controversies. The great advance marked by the present series is that those who have arranged it now are bold enough to recognise openly that adult education, suitable for a democracy, must definitely be related to living questions and therefore to controversy. Each speaker will be dealing with the vital changes which have taken place during the last thirty years in the field allotted to him. The names of the speakers are a guarantee that the subjects will be treated as they should be, historically and objectively, but the talks, since they cover the social, political, scientific, and artistic evolution of the last thirty years, are necessarily concerned with the most important of contemporary problems.

A word must be said about the first series to which the title *The Modern Dilemma* has been given. The other talks in the series are intended to be analytic, and to deal mainly with "facts"; these will try to deal with the problem of "how men and women are to adjust their minds and lives to a situation which is so continuously in process of change." The idea is a good one, but in carrying it out the B.B.C., to judge from its own pamphlet, has had a new spasm of silly timidity. The following is a quotation from the pamphlet:

> The talks will attempt to supply listeners with some anchor-holds in the stress and storm of the forces of transformation affecting them. There is thus no room in such a series for either a sceptic or an agnostic, for our purpose is to create or re-establish faith.

"Silly" is the only adjective appropriate to these two sentences. In an age when some of the profoundest changes are due to scepticism and agnosticism, the B.B.C. proposes, in a series dealing with these changes, simply to ignore scepticism and agnosticism. One might as well have a series of talks on the changes in science between 1860 and 1900 and ignore Darwin. We end with four questions: Why should the B.B.C. muzzle the sceptic and agnostic? Is it the B.B.C.'s function to create or re-establish faith irrespective of truth? If not, is the B.B.C. or possibly its Director in possession of absolute truth? Why does the B.B.C. assume that the agnostic and sceptic has no anchor-holds?

CONGRESS IN RETREAT

ANYONE who has studied the history of Indian nationalism will have noticed that, like trade, it has its regular cycles. A period of intense activity is followed by some years during which the movement is weakened by factions, the middle classes withdraw their support, and the moderate politicians again come to the fore. It is true that these years are often marked by a number of individual outrages. One or two murders or attempted murders by a small set of students can easily give the impression that a terrorist organisation is operating throughout the country, and the extremist elements are more likely to be active when there seems little chance of getting their way by ordinary political action. In this way the public at home seldom appreciates the ebb and flow of the movement as a whole. Thus 1929 and 1930 were definitely "peak" years, and it is equally clear that a decided slump has now begun. A long period of agitation places a great strain on many classes. The middle-aged and the level-headed tire of the excesses of the students, and of the wild talk which is inseparable from a mass movement. The shopkeepers grow impatient with the continual *hartals* and boycotts. The leading politicians become jealous of those who are more successful or popular than themselves, while this tendency, common to all political movements, is exaggerated by provincial and caste differences. Some reaction was inevitable after the intense campaign of last year, and all the normal signs are visible in India to-day.

The revolt of the moderate element inside the Congress, and also of the shopkeepers, can be seen in a hundred little items which appear in the press or come to one's knowledge in everyday life. Many who joined the Congress about two years ago are now quietly withdrawing from its activities, and the cloth dealers, whose entrance into politics made the boycott so effective, are now complaining that the mill-owners have not made enough sacrifices, and that they are tired of closing their shops every time a political murderer is hanged, or a politician goes for a term of imprisonment. A general feeling of disillusion is increased by the disputes which are taking place inside the Congress. Madras, which has gone much farther along the road of self-government than any other province, has been annoyed by slighting references to its activities during the last year. At several large centres, such as Bombay, Lucknow, and Lahore, there have been unedifying quarrels between factions, some of which have led to disturbances and the calling in of the police and others to the closing down of Congress activities. Bengal Nationalists are also divided into two camps, one supporting Mr. Sen Gupta, and the other Mr. Subash Bose. Each side has its own newspaper and claims the majority of Congress members. For some months they have been engaged in a campaign of vilification, of accusation, of corruption, only too well documented, of suggestions so damaging that the Congress party in Bengal has suffered a set-back from which it will take years to recover. The recent outbreak of murderous attacks by young Bengalis is partly due to both sides bidding for extremist support, but even more to a general feeling of contempt for politics and politicians.

These quarrels and the general disillusion are usual enough, but there are certain new features which suggest that the present reaction, like our trade slump, may not follow the ordinary periodic law. For the first time the boycott has been sufficiently successful for people to understand what are its real economic effects. It has led to a marked decrease in trade, with a very small corresponding increase in local production, and a great rise in prices. This has been seen very clearly in the cloth trade. There have been over 800 million yards less cotton cloth sold during the year ending last April, while the Indian mills have produced only 160 million more and the handloom weavers have just about held their own. The cultivator, whose products are marked down to thirty per cent. below pre-war prices, finds that he has to pay over forty per cent. above pre-war prices for his *dhoti*. The Indian mill-owners (the bulk of the cotton mills are Indian) are not unfairly accused of profiteering and of inefficiency. To make matters worse, a number of bogus companies—Mr. Gandhi estimates that there are 100 in Gujerat alone—have sprung up under the auspices of the Congress to exploit *swadeshi* goods, and have now had to be publicly disowned. Such facts as these have not only led to much recrimination, but have also provided India with a very salutary lesson in elementary economics. Public opinion is still definitely protectionist, but the cruder nationalist arguments in favour of stopping all imports have lost their appeal. The president of the Bombay Indian Merchants' Chamber has been recently drawing attention to the danger of reprisals in reply to discriminatory action, such as is often advocated by Congress speakers, and has been pointing out that trade is reciprocal. There is also a growing anxiety about India's financial position, which has been accentuated by the failure of the last loan, and by the realisation

that nearly all Congress proposals would cost money, and in many cases would reduce the revenue—a good example being the determination to enforce prohibition.

Another important factor, which has been most noticeable since the Irwin-Gandhi Pact, is that the Congress Party is beginning to split up along the ordinary social and economic lines. Apart from personal and inter-provincial disputes, it is possible to see the beginnings of grouping according to interests, of town against country, of the professional classes against business men, and most of all the division between rich and poor. The Congress began as a movement of schoolmasters and lawyers. The influx of business men, for which Mr. Gandhi was partly responsible, has already created a fissure which was most apparent at Karachi, the middle-class idealists being driven into extreme theoretical socialism. There is really nothing in common between, say, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Mr. Walchand Hirachand, except their dislike of the British. There is already in India the makings of a Labour Party based on the Twenty Points programme of fundamental rights—a document which if examined without prejudice is seen to be an extremely mild production, nearly every item of which is either in force in most European countries, or is the type of hardy annual passed at Labour Party conferences in England. This has now been accepted by the Congress, but whether, once Mr. Gandhi's influence has declined, that organisation will remain "left wing" is open to question. The middle-class element in the Congress is very strong, and many of the ordinary Labour representatives keep outside it. Certainly the Congress was not happy in its first experience as an employer of labour. During 1930 there must have been nearly 40,000 volunteers being paid small sums daily from the party funds. These were dismissed on the signing of the Pact without even a week's wages in lieu of notice, an action which has provoked much bitterness.

The moderate elements in the nationalist movement naturally become more active when they foresee that a real transfer of responsibility is likely to take place. There are thousands of men taking some part in public life who are quite prepared to let the Congress do the work of agitation, and even of bargaining with England, but have not the least intention of allowing it to dictate the future domestic policy of India. The future of the National Congress is therefore very uncertain. It has the immense advantage of an organisation which spreads over the whole of India, whereas other political parties, such as the Liberals, are merely groups of politicians with no machinery for getting at the people. On the other hand, the Congress is weakened by the fact that until recently its leaders never worried about the domestic politics of their members, so long as they were sound on the question of nationalism. Even the organisation may be a disadvantage when prostituted to such base uses as in Bengal, and it is also fairly clear that there is a growing reaction against the Congress press and its attitude towards political assassination.

The old Congress may truly be said to have shot its bolt politically when it passed the resolution in favour of complete independence at Lahore, two years ago. Till then its policy had been a gradual crescendo, worked up from its mild demands of 1886. Its constructive work since then has been to finance and organise attempts to paralyse the Government, but nobody takes very seriously its other political activities, such as the manifesto on the debt question, its "independent reports" on Cawnpore and other disturbances, or its entrance into the cloth market as a purveyor of *Khadi*. The organisation and the name still remain, and it will be interesting to watch the struggle which will take place to capture these valuable political assets. At present Mr. Gandhi holds the property, but it is not at all certain who has the reversion. It should go to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, both for the work he has done and for his fundamental honesty; but we may doubt whether he will be able to maintain his hold, or keep the Congress as a kind of Independent Labour Party. It is possible that the Congress may break up into provincial groups with varying policies.

G. T. GARRATT.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST AUGTOBER

THERE are worse things than rain and cold. A persistent windy cold in August may not be so pleasant as the brisk frosty air of a fine December morning, and the rain that trickles down the window-panes hour after hour may be less charming to the eye in 1931 than it was between forty and fifty years ago. But, even so, there are worse things than cold and rain. They are commonly called harvesters.

I have never seen a harvester. The village publican marked off a tiny space on one of his thumb-nails with his other thumb-nail, and said they were little red insects about that size. Condy's fluid in plenty of water, he said, was the best thing to keep them off, though some people used paraffin. I was a little doubtful of his prescription, however, for during a discussion on hedgehogs he had already told me on the authority of the "gyppoes" that the fat of a hedgehog rubbed in was the best remedy for anything wrong with the ear. Anyhow, it was now a case, not for prevention, but for cure. My body, had I belonged to the nudist sect, would have seemed to my fellows like the frame of a tortured mediæval saint. If I had suffered thus for my conscience I might have been a theme for a painter like St. Sebastian and his arrows. If a plague like this attacked the inhabitants of cities they would either flee from their homes or call in a horde of pestologists to end it. I can forgive a midge who bites those areas of the skin left exposed at the owner's risk or, at worst, a thin-socked ankle; but the marauding harvester takes the whole body for his pasture and, where he feeds, leaves a recurring decimal of irritancy till at dawn one begins to wonder whether before going to bed one did not put on the shirt of Nessus in mistake for one's pyjamas. Nor has the sufferer even the primitive satisfaction of being able to kill an occasional one of his tormentors, for, red or not, they are in my experience invisible. It is as though one were being tickled to the point of madness by unseen agencies.

Yet how beautiful is the harvesters' country—surely one of the most beautiful stretches of England! What noble prospects from what easy hilltops! What solitude as one lies among the grass of the sloping downs—grass through which the wind whistles almost as keenly as through telephone wires! And what a Thames of history, flowing from ages of which there is no history, washes every knoll and every grey stone! Here came the Saxon; here the Dane—though I am not so sure of this. Here the Roman made his camp, and the Briton his home. Here—though on this point I am open to correction—the long-headed Celts confronted the Belgae, noted for valour. I am by no means an archæologist, and a case of flint arrow-heads in a museum is, so far as I am concerned, no more than a case of rubbish. But a living landscape across which barrow and dyke and circle lie in profusion, the hieroglyphs of a lost language—that is another matter. How many civilisations have here vanished into the earth like last year's leaves! What tides of triumph and disaster once swirled where the rabbit has now taken possession with his hosts! This land, now so silent, was once tumultuous with its own Armageddons. Stones have outlived not only men, but races of men, and the mightiest of burial mounds is there to remind us of perished glory, though not of the name of the mighty man who was buried there.

Even as one sentimentalises over these ancient earthworks, however, one feels that one is in the presence of an

inexplicable mystery. What was the purpose of this enormous circle, of that enormous length of ditch? I discovered that where one antiquary saw the site of a fort another saw the site of a temple, and that one race after another has been proclaimed as the original builders of the Wansdyke. We may, I suppose, dismiss as legendary the story that the Wansdyke, that earthen wall that stretches for eighty miles between Savernake Forest and the Severn, was built by the Devil on a Wednesday; but, if the Devil did not build it, who did and why? In the most recent book that I consulted on the subject the author expressed the opinion that the Wansdyke was the work of the Britons, but he was in doubt whether they ever made use of it or even completed it. There must surely have been some powerful reason for the abandonment of so vast an undertaking by so stubborn and so indomitable a race as the Britons. And there must have been some equally powerful reason, if we but knew it, to explain why every race but one that ever settled in these plains and on these hillsides—Belgae, long-headed Celts, Britons and Romans—has vanished like smoke in the wind, and become a dumb ghost to tease antiquaries. Even in conquered countries we usually find the conquered surviving among their conquerors, but here we seem to look back and see, not a mere tale of successive conquests, but a long procession of peoples in flight. I do not know whether the archæologists have ever considered the possibility, but it seems to me that half the problems surrounding these astonishing earthworks and the races that one by one abandoned them will never be satisfactorily solved 'till we turn to the harvester for an explanation. Why should the Britons suddenly abandon the Wansdyke after such an expenditure of hope and labour? They were a race, as they proved in less insect-ridden parts, who might be defeated but could not be destroyed. They have shown their capacity for surviving when there was scarcely food for a hawk. Yet at one period in history in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge they must have lost their nerve and bolted, leaving a golden plain of cornland untenanted. Can it be doubted that, having made their plans for defence against enemies whom they could see, they last fell victims to an invisible enemy—the harvester? It happened, perhaps, at a time when long peace and luxury had softened their fibre, or it may be that, in one particular year like 1931, the plague that had been heroically endured through one generation after another became at length unendurable. The Briton's capacity for suffering insect bites had reached breaking-point, and he fled like a hare to the fastnesses of Wales.

And there is good reason to believe that, not only the abandonment of the Wansdyke, but the very construction of many of the other earthworks in the neighbourhood are to be attributed to the activities of harvesters. It is my own opinion that those oddly shaped mounds, scattered at random among the downs, had never any definite purpose in their structure, but are merely heaps of earth that was dug up and thrown aside during the construction of a vast underground system (resembling the Roman Catacombs) in which the frenzied inhabitants could take refuge during the height of the harvester season. Too long have the archæologists tinkered with the surface of these strange protuberances, prattling about barrow and pit-dwelling, fosse and vallum, and grubbing for coins and bones. Let them dig deeper, and I am ready to wager that in time their picks will break through the roof of a subterranean city where no insect lives. Stonehenge, visible from afar, is probably the gateway to the greatest of these lost cities. Not the Druid with his sacrificial knife, but the harvester with his fangs was the founder of that monstrous colony of stones.

This may seem fantastic to the old-fashioned dabbler in antiquities. Not so to those who have been preyed upon for a month by harvesters. Some critics may imagine that they have discovered a flaw in the theory, since, after all, though the Belgae, the Romans and the Britons have all vanished, the Saxons have remained and cultivated the plains and the hillsides. I discovered the explanation of this apparent discrepancy while conversing with a villager who was a Saxon in every feature. He informed me that he was never troubled by harvesters, and, indeed, that none of the natives suffered from their bites. From this we may infer that men of pure Saxon blood are immune from the bites of these insects, and at once we are in sight of an explanation of the spread of the Anglo-Saxon conquest to the south of England. If the harvester had had the same palate for Anglo-Saxon blood that he had from Belgic, Celtic, Roman or British blood, be sure that the Anglo-Saxon also would have taken to his heels.

Students of race during recent years have been turning against the old-fashioned theory of the predominance of Anglo-Saxon blood in Englishmen. The matter can easily be put to the test in the case of the individual Englishman. Let any man who wishes to know whether he is of pure Anglo-Saxon blood proceed to a down in the south of England, stretch himself on the grass, light a cigarette, and remain there till he has counted fifty rabbits. If, on going to bed the same night, he experiences no unusual sensations on ankle, calf, hough, flank, rib or armpit, he is a pure-bred Anglo-Saxon. The would-be experimenter should be warned, however, that even a single drop of Belgic, Celtic, Roman, British or Norman blood will prove his undoing. As he closes his eyes to sleep—and closes them in vain—a few hours after the experiment, he will feel more and more acutely as if he had been bitten all over his body by hundreds of infinitely small bulldogs with poison in their bites. And, in an August like this, he will have nothing to console him except the knowledge that, after all, there are worse things than cold and rain.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

ECONOMY AND THE NEW GOVERNMENT

[*We publish below a small but representative selection of the letters we have received on the crisis.*—Ed. N. S. & N.]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I should like to congratulate you, if I may, on your current issue, which seems to me to contain more plain-spoken common sense on the economic question than has probably ever appeared before in a single number even of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. I refer, of course, to the first three articles, Mr. Mandeville's letter, with its admirable reflection that "the only cure for mass production is mass consumption," and the excellent opening to your book review, "A New Tariff Gospel." At this rate it should soon be possible to debate the question publicly with that "candour" for which Mr. Keynes thinks we are still unprepared. And surely any amount of candour is justifiable in discussing a problem which, unless a fundamental solution is forthcoming, may soon reduce half the civilised world to a state of semi-starvation.—Yours, etc.

A. ROMNEY GREEN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that in discussing the present crisis THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION seems to belie its dual title and adopt an attitude which is neither statesmanlike nor national? The situation, as the Premier was aware (though his colleagues may have shut their eyes to it), called for drastic and dramatic action. Britain is not self-supporting, and when (as at present) her exports are at a low ebb she depends on *credit* abroad to tide her over the emergency; the lack of such credit would involve undue hardship, not to say starvation, of the poorer classes. Agricultural countries like Russia and France can safely experiment with their government or currency; thei internal resources will always see them through. Financia

crashes may distress the United States, but the population has little to fear for its food and other necessaries. Our position is more akin to that of Germany, and the loss of our credit would quickly lead to famine conditions.

Living on the Continent, I hope I may claim some competence in gauging the foreign view, and can aver that British credit was almost *in extremis* and not to be restored save by some drastic remedy such as a National Government. It seemed to foreigners that the Trade Unions were establishing an *imperium in imperio*, an oligarchy somewhat akin to Fascism, but acting in the interests of one class alone and tending to national impoverishment. Despite the theoretical merits of the alternative remedies you suggest, in practice they could not save the situation. A dramatic gesture was called for; thanks to the *practical* statesmanship of Mr. MacDonald that gesture was made, and, provided economic theorists do not tie the hands of the National Government, the credit, for the lack of which the nation risked to suffer an economic blockade more menacing even than the German submarines, will soon be restored. Once the patient is out of the surgeon's hands his physicians can resume their interrupted quest of economic panaceas, but they have no place, save as silent assistants, while the operation itself is in progress. —Yours, etc.,

42 Avenue Pasteur, STUART GILBERT.
Bécon-les-Bruyères, Seine, France.
August 30th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I say how greatly I admire the stand which you are making?

With you I will listen to no personal attack on such entirely disinterested men as MacDonald and Snowden. They will ever have my very deepest and warmest respect. But without attempting to pronounce on the wisdom or unwisdom of their present action, which I am sure was dictated by the highest motives, I agree with you that the policy which they have now, for this emergency, temporarily espoused is one which in the long run can only make all our present problems infinitely worse. It is, as you truly observe, a policy for a famine and not for the present state of affairs, where we are suffering from an excess of wealth! The only true solution is, and must be, by a better distribution of the world's wealth. Unemployment and poverty are at present world-wide, because the bulk of the people everywhere are too poor to purchase and to consume the wealth daily produced in ever-increasing volumes. And the rich are too few to do so. The reason is private monopoly of the sources of production (notably the land) in a few private hands. Until this is realised and acted upon we shall never remedy our ills. And mere "economy," aiming at still further impoverishing the many, can only add to our ills.—Yours, etc.,

Silkestone Vicarage, Barnsley. WALTER B. GRAHAM.
August 28th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The correspondent who signs himself "Middle Class" in your current issue is doubtless right in advising the Labour Party to make up its mind as to how it will tackle the question of banking and public finance when it gets its next chance to deal with the subject—whenever that will be! The mere fact that it is necessary for anyone to offer such advice at this stage seems to indicate how unfair is the implied condemnation of the Prime Minister for the action he took when the crisis came upon the Government and the country last week. "Mr. Henderson," it appears, "and most of his colleagues, refused to obey the crack of the bankers' whip." Mr. MacDonald, of course, and the small residue of his colleagues who stood by him in the stress of the occasion, on this assumption, answered to that whip. But is it only the bankers' whip that cracked? Some Middle Class Socialists at least will have observed that the Trade Union whip was pretty strongly in evidence, and that most of the Labour Party obeyed it; and the point about this business that seems most obvious is not that there was a bankers' conspiracy against the Labour Party but rather that there was a determination on the part of the paymasters of the Labour Party to take a Trade Union and a "class" view of the crisis instead of a national one. Your correspondent virtually admits that the Party as a Party had, and has, no policy for dealing with such a desperate situation as descended upon us out of the firmament ten days ago. The Prime Minister proposed to deal with it with such means as were at his, and the nation's, disposal *then*. The Trade Unions were "class conscious"—they ignored the national point of view. The mass of the Labour Party appears to have taken the same line.

What can Socialists say in future to meet the challenge that the Labour Party is the Party of one class? One Middle Class Socialist, at any rate, who can remember the beginnings of the Labour Party, feels that a broader basis than Trade Unionism will have to be found for a party which is to appeal effectively to the nation as a whole.—Yours, etc.,

MIDDLE CLASS NO. 2.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One of the deplorable features of the present deplorable situation is the shameful misrepresentation involved in the current Labour plea that the Poor should not play their part in National economy on the ground that the Rich have not made, or are not to make, a similar sacrifice. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I regret to say, has not been guiltless in this respect, while Labour's official daily is a constant and flagrant offender. And now, your anonymous correspondent, "Middle Class" (for which, thank God, he is no typical spokesman), joins in this ugly campaign when he suggests that "recent events might have taken a different turn if . . . Ministers and the Press had made it clear that the example of sacrifice must be shown by the rich—by those whose doings are so admirably advertised in our illustrated weeklies and dailies."

Well, well! For every *Tatler* photograph of Lord This or Lady That gambolling at Cannes, I'll guarantee to find a dozen twopenny press equivalents showing unimpeachable proletarians "happily snapped" at Blackpool or Clacton. And quite right too! And who was it prayed that we might rid our minds of cant?

Seriously, though, "Middle Class" should be reminded that a quite modestly endowed *rentier* is often compelled to contribute as much as 25 per cent. of his total income for the upkeep of the State, the borough, and of the unemployed; while the really Rich are muleted of getting on for 50 per cent. of their income for the same purposes. And, even so, the *rentiers* are notoriously ready to do their little bit more if need be. If this is not sufficient by way of example, I should like to know what is, short of confiscation?

I must apologise for craving space for the enunciation of such evident truisms—but it is precisely the evident and obvious that political hypocrisy and class prejudice are finding it convenient to ignore.—Yours, etc.,

11, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea, S.W. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH.
1st September.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While appreciating that, as Mr. Keynes points out, the economies to be made by the new Government are likely to reduce the purchasing power of the home public, would not the departure from the gold standard, advocated by Mr. Keynes, have the effect of raising the price of all our imports?

In so far as international commerce resolves itself into an exchange of commodities, would not this mean that for all goods imported into this country we should have to export goods of a greater nominal money value?

To the extent to which those goods are manufactured in this country from raw materials grown in this country, that, as I see it, would be a point in our favour, but to the extent to which those manufactures are from imported raw material, surely there will be an increase in price caused by the higher price of raw material, without any corresponding increase in the amount of the goods exported. And inasmuch as this country is, for the most part, dependent upon its imports for its food supplies, would not a departure from the gold standard not only increase the cost of living, with a consequent reduction in the purchasing power of the home public, so deprecated by Mr. Keynes, but in addition add to the burden of this country by increasing, in effect, the amount payable to the United States of America in respect of our war debt?

I should be grateful, as I am sure many of your readers would be, if those who advocate the departure from the gold standard

as a solution of our difficulties, would explain how they would overcome the difficulties to which I have drawn attention.—Yours, etc.,

P. K. CROSS.

Rookwood, Torrington Park,
London, N.12.
August 28th.

A NEW LIGHT ON THE CRISIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Owing to the extreme penury in which the country finds itself, I take it that other nations are kindly paying for the flood-lighting of our public buildings before they pass into the hands of our creditors.—Yours, etc.,

REG. H. POTT.

2, Copthall Buildings, E.C.2.
August 31st.

WAR DEBTS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Parry refers to the quixotic generosity of Mr. Churchill in forgiving 42 per cent. of the French debt to us and 18 per cent. of the Italian debt. Is it not the case that on the debts to the United States we pay 3½ per cent. interest, France pays 1⅝ per cent., and Italy ¼ per cent.? The larger the capital amount the higher the rate of interest. It would seem that it should be the opposite.—Yours, etc.,

H. B. DEVEY.

Uplands Cottage, Wimbledon.

SURPLUS WHEAT FOR CHINA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Like Mr. Sadler and doubtless many of your readers, I welcome your suggestion to send surplus wheat to China now that the Yangtse and the Hwangho rivers have submerged the homes of millions of people.

Though this natural disaster is the greatest on record and will probably affect one-tenth of the world's population, Western civilisation, at the moment, is in a peculiarly favourable position to cope with it, as Europe has the textiles to clothe and America the corn to feed the helpless Chinese, and there is no lack of ships for transport. Relief if carried out on a scale commensurate with the need will save countless lives and teach a nation of 400 millions that the Western races which it still loathes as "foreign devils" are composed of human beings. It would also be beneficial to ourselves in opening up China to Western trade, and vast shipments of commodities to the East would raise the price of raw produce and textiles to the infinite benefit of growers and trade in general.

Nor would the influence of such remedial work end there, for the moral effect would be incalculable. Western civilisation is to-day in a critical predicament, and many of its symptoms are so contradictory to normal experience that they resemble a nightmare. Surrounded by riches, we grow poorer every day. Governments increase armies, navies and air forces which they promise not to use, and timidly hoard wealth in their vaults which is needed to cultivate the soil and house the people. The low prices of wheat, maize, sugar, coffee, cocoa, wine, cotton, silk, rubber, textiles, etc., so far from benefiting and enriching the community, impoverish it, and many experts advise the destruction of the superabundant wealth. In Europe and America the growing spectre of unemployment threatens to darken the lives of some hundred million persons this winter. Terrible as these facts are, they are not so alarming as our apparent helplessness in face of the position.

The truth is that we have been attempting impossibilities. Three years ago our American cousins boasted that they had solved the riddle of making everybody rich. Naturally they have failed, for the planet only produces enough wealth for a bare standard of living for its population. At present it is impossible for everyone to be rich. At the moment our own politicians, by patriotically sinking party interests, have averted a catastrophe and saved British credit and, incidentally, British food. But it is not enough to avoid the threatened crash by propping up tottering walls. Mankind must produce for use rather than for profit and speculation and create a sound economic system that will equally serve both the Eastern and the Western peoples.

More useful work and a juster distribution of the produce would bring a rich reward of content to a world that cannot be truly happy or prosperous while, as to-day, a quarter of its inhabitants have not enough to eat.

Contact with starvation, disease and death on a vast scale in China would awaken us to truer values and perhaps save our civilisation.—Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH BURTT.

Crich, Nr. Matlock,
Derbyshire.
August 31st.

"RESCUE WORK"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As an insignificant member of that body of women so dreadfully termed "preventive and rescue workers," I have hitherto refrained from contributing to this interesting correspondence, in the conviction that someone whose name carries weight in such matters would take up the cudgels in our defence. I refer to the sentence in Dr. Roberts's letter published on August 22nd, in which he implies in no uncertain terms, that the less said of his observation of our work, the better. But as those best qualified to speak are either, apparently, busy holiday-making, or are not among your regular readers, will you allow me a little of your valuable space in our defence?

I hope and believe that Dr. Roberts's experience has been unique and unfortunate, for though many older and more experienced workers hold a different point of view on some matters from that of the modern type with which I am associated, yet none would disagree, I think, with the saying that "all rescue work is an offer of friendship," and that unless it is undertaken in this spirit the whole subject is much better left untouched.

Modern rescue work is concerned not only with the many unmarried mothers who need help through a difficult time, but also with those unfortunates of civilisation produced by drink, drugs, prostitution, and so on. Another aspect deals with children and young people who have either undergone some abnormal sex experience, or are of the type that will sooner or later drift into the police court. This side of the work is being tackled more and more from the medical and psychological point of view, with the help of doctors and other experts; and to those engaged in it, seems increasingly encouraging and worth while. A third and still more constructive element is found in the educational work, which is an effort to co-operate with all those employed in moulding the young idea—parents, teachers, clergy, club leaders, etc., with a view to inculcating sane, positive, Christian ideals of sex. In this connection, judging from his letter in to-day's issue on such matters, I think Dr. Roberts would find more in common with some of us than he would perhaps expect.

It is becoming more generally recognised that in order to touch even the fringe of any of these most difficult problems (and who can hope to do more?) a definite training is advisable and the educated woman wishing to take up this work is now urged to qualify herself by a year or more at one of the available training houses. It is only possible to speak of personal experience, in this case gained at the Josephine Butler Memorial House, Liverpool, which is international and interdenominational in character, though with a definitely religious basis. Here an excellent all-round course is given, either of one or two years (the latter including the social science certificate of the university), in general social administration, elementary psychology, and the problems of rescue work; half the time being spent in practical experience.

But when all is said and done, the good rescue worker is born and not made; and though ideally all the qualities of an Archangel are needed to the *nth* degree, she can only bring to her job all she possesses of sympathy, tact, imagination, patience, common sense and humour, plus all her previous knowledge of the world and of human nature, both masculine and feminine.

Moreover, let it be remembered that, like any other collection of people engaged in a particular work, we are necessarily a mixed lot, good, bad, and indifferent; but at least we can claim one common attribute, a real love for one of the most difficult, most overworked and underpaid callings open to women.—Yours, etc.

RESCUE WORKER.

August 29th.

CORDIALITY WITH AMERICA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I find that I was mistaken in saying in the parenthesis at the end of the letter on the above subject which you were

kind enough to print a fortnight ago that the more important journals of philosophy were unknown at the British Museum. One of those which I had in mind is there and kept up to date. Another was taken up to 1916 under the Copyright Act but was discontinued at that time presumably when the London Agency was withdrawn during the War. The Department is, I am assured, anxious to have it and any other important records of philosophical progress in America made available to English students at the Museum. It cannot, however, be expected to know of all the work that individual universities are doing through their annual publications and if this letter should happen to meet the eye of the editors of any of these they would confer a benefit on British students by communicating with the Keeper of Printed Books with a view to having them added to the more national journals.—Yours, etc.

Rotherfield. J. H. MUIRHEAD.
August 30th.

THE DE RESZKES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am collecting material for a biography of Jean and Edouard de Reszke and should appreciate any information which your readers who knew them could give me.

I am particularly anxious to see original letters and to have first-hand accounts of incidents and anecdotes that would enhance the value and interest of this biography.

Any letters or material sent to me will be most carefully noted and returned.—Yours, etc.

Howard Hotel, C. MARGARET LEISER.
Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2.

Miscellany

THE HEART OF DEGAS

THE letters of Degas,* which have lately been published, will do much to dispel the legend of the man and are a valuable accompaniment to the work. They are not literature; for their own sake one would hardly read them. Without any attempt at polish, and impelled by no necessity of emotional communication, they have neither the elegance of Whistler's barbed epistles to the press nor the profound human significance of Van Gogh's correspondence with his brother. But read with his pictures in mind, they give a real insight upon the artist who painted *Sémiramis construisant une ville* at the beginning of his career and *Le Tub* at the end of it. And they contradict the impression, in spite of his own efforts to foster it, that Degas was a surly old bear.

That was what he wanted the world to think, his recipe for holding it aloof. In his youth he had tasted the pleasures of society, but as he grew older he hoarded his time for his work. So he grimly defended the door of his studio and grudged to fashionable hostesses the hours he might spend in studying the poses of ballet girls and laundresses; and while he became a portent of moroseness in Parisian gossip, he kept for a few old friends the secret of his geniality. To Halévy, the author of the delightful *La Famille Cardinal*, to Bartholomé, the sculptor and to the two brothers Rouart, the collectors, he was writing for over thirty years in a tone of affection and candour that never flagged. They are the chief recipients of the letters that have now appeared, which date from 1872, when Degas was thirty-eight, to 1910. There are none for the remaining seven years, no doubt on account of his failing sight.

Even to the comrades of long standing he tries to preserve a semblance of misanthropy, telling how he has moments "when one closes oneself like a door." He complains that in the country he can neither play piquet nor billiards, nor flirt, nor work in the face of nature, nor simply be agreeable in society. And he confesses:

> I was, or I seemed, harsh to all the world, by a sort of attraction to brutality which came from my doubt and my ill-humour. I felt myself so ill-made, so ill-equipped, so slack, while it seemed that my calculations in art were so right. I sulked against everybody, and against myself.

He admits to Bartholomé: "At bottom I have not much heart," yet on hearing of a friend's illness he says: "My hard heart melts after all." So we should be left wondering to what extent it was really a stone, had he not himself, with exquisite perception, solved the problem:

> Except for the heart, it seems as though everything within me were ageing proportionately. And even that heart has something artificial. The dancers have sewn it in a bag of rose-coloured satin, of rose-coloured satin a little faded, like their dancing-slippers.

Those sentences, which might have been written by Toulet, hold the truth. It was neither a particularly hard heart, nor a particularly tender one, though perhaps slightly atrophied, for he had not the time to cultivate it. A certain pride may be detected in his occasional laments at his celibacy, and the dancers lured him rather to toil than dalliance. Instead of a siren-land, the Opera was a vast workroom to him, though he says that in order to obtain admission there he would smuggle himself in with the mothers of the ballet. It was his hunting-ground for colour and gesture: "The arms of Mme. Caron are always there. How well she knows the way to leave those divine thin arms in the air, without any affectation, for a long, long time, and then to lower them gently."

One can imagine the number of times he sat to await the fall of the singer's arms; it was part of the patience and discipline that he had imposed upon himself to the exclusion of so many other things in life. Whether in the studied movements of actress and dancer on the stage, or their swift, unconscious ones behind the scenes, all was to be observed and noted in order that at last an inevitable instantaneity might quiver upon the canvas, for: "Nothing in art must seem an accident, not even movement." Underneath the appearance of chance there must be finality.

He delighted in movement, above all when it was spontaneous: "It is the movement of things and people which distracts and consoles." For its sake, to discover it unawares and give in his work an eternity to the least durable thing in the world, he strayed to the race-course from the studio of Ingres, haunted the exercises of the ballet, and wandered so long in the outer suburbs of Paris that the admirable editor of the letters diagnoses him a case of "ambulomania." But the rendering of the most evanescent gesture captured in his explorations was an affair of impeccable precision. He never wavered in fidelity to his first master in respect of truth to form, and the drawings of Ingres remained to him "those marvels of the human spirit." He was, too, an avid collector of Gavarni. Of books, we find him moved by the death of Don Quixote and regarding the Arabian Nights as a casket of wisdom. In music, Gluck is his first favourite. The only reference to drama is a warm appreciation of the children's Guignol at Cauterets, and of its audience.

His predilection is for the simple and straightforward, but he has a Proustian flair for motive and the analysis of social complications. Thus he detects Whistler's desire always to be the centre of homage, or traces the flicker of jealousy in a friend's household. Incidentally, he gives his own sketch of one of Proust's admitted models for Swann:

> Haas may arrive in 8 or 10 days, and the attitude he adopts towards me, whether to see me or cut me (like a corn in the Rue de la Paix), will either be an effort for him, or none at all. He knows that my sight is bad, and that when I do see it makes no difference. Will he have a line of action and the courage to follow it? You know how droll ladies' men are with other men.

**Lettres de Degas.* Receuillies et annotées par Marcel Guérin. Grasset, Paris.

And a lady met in the provinces he sums up as "a poor snob in exile with dog."

There we see the heart hardening a little, but in most of the letters the misanthropy breaks down. He is devoted to an old friend fallen on evil days, and is charmed with the youth and comradeship of Forain, Raffaelli, Sickert and J.-F. Blanche. He revels in the humours of a provincial table-d'hôte, and still more relishes good cooking. Of his desire for fame he makes no secret, just as he confesses his self-doubting. Most important of all, he can laugh at his own crotchets.

Of those, his dislike of the country was one of the most deeply rooted. He did not believe in painting direct from nature, and he was an incorrigible Parisian. From the Pyrénées, from Interlaken or Naples, he cries for Paris and his studio. The last letter says: "I am no longer of those artists who rush to the Italian frontier. One remains in the humidity in front of the Bal Tabarin." Before that we have caught a glimpse of him in the evening, in his studio. His eyes are shaded to preserve his sight, while his old *bonne* reads to him. He hears the book drop, and knows that she has fallen asleep. The painter of the Opera, with its shimmering colour and waves of light, and its great space filled with music, is alone in the darkness and silence. An anchorite of the elegances, he meditates upon his problematic heart, and a pair of rose-coloured satin slippers dances before him in his night.

T. W. EARP.

GLENCOE

MEN of this glen, this glen, this glen,
Men of this glen, it's high time for you to be rising.
They have done our betrayal, betrayal, betrayal,
And it's high time for you to be moving out of houses in ashes,
And your dead companions in the deep sleep from which they shall not wake.
Cold mountain winds are up against the crags,
Howling for proud men beaten by fraud,
The high Clan Donald tree cut down by perfidy,
And the young branches without strength after their wounds.
Not by mourning nor grieving shall they be roused any more.
Till the earth is withered they cannot bestir themselves again.
But till the mountains fade away there will be memory on this glen
And the malignant treacherous reaping of the destroyers.
Men of this glen, this glen, this glen,
Men of this glen, it's high time for you to be rising.
They have done our betrayal, betrayal, betrayal,
And it's high time for you to be moving out of houses in ashes.

KEITH HENDERSON.

(*From the Gaelic of the eighteenth century.*)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Various Opinions

WHAT will be *Counsel's Opinion* when he finds himself briefed to lead against himself as co-respondent in a divorce case? Mr. Owen Nares, as Hubert Logan, K.C., changed his mind frequently and entertainingly on this point, but the Strand Theatre audience's opinion did not vary; they declared it "a success from the start." Critics' opinion may be less enthusiastic and regret that Mr. Gilbert Wakefield has turned what might have been good comedy into a lesser thing, good farce. However, he is so well served by his actors that they make it seem thundering good farce. Mr. Nares, as the barrister, held his own even in comparison with the finish, so superb that it is almost a patina, of the acting of Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Lord Mere, the husband, and Mr. Morton Selten as his solicitor brother, Willock. None of the characters in *Counsel's Opinion* are adult—Lord Mere, at sixty, is still the pompous head boy of the school and Willock is his hated and mischievous younger brother, "always a horrible boy," we can well believe. Logan is the selfish, headstrong, flirtatious adolescent, and Mr. Nares was very honest in his portrayal of the rather despicable attractiveness of the type. His skill in increasing his pace did much to give the play its effect of a crescendo of merriment till the final curtain. Miss Margaret Baird as a short-sighted Scotch lady's maid, Mr. Ronald Simpson as a lawyer's clerk, and Mr. Cyril Smith as a "gentleman's gentleman" all gave excellent and amusing character studies. The only disappointment in the cast was Miss Isabel Jeans as the possibly erring wife. She seems to have played "gamin" parts for too long a time, and the charming mannerisms of Miss Marie Tempest, which she has unconsciously and unfortunately borrowed, are like exquisite gowns too old, too elaborate, and too stylised for their present wearer.

Those Naughty Nineties at the Criterion

Another play about that romantic, enigmatic, fashionable nineteenth century. The naughtiness of the Nineties was confined to the Smart Set and the Bohemians. The country houses might be full of intrigues, but in the suburbs they still kept the Seventh Commandment and ignored the Green Carnation. This play might almost as well have been about the sedate Sixties or the solemn Seventies. The honours of the show go in the first place to Mr. Michael Weight, who has designed three most entertaining drawing-rooms and a lot of delicious clothes. The pink bows on the candles are more amusing than the compliments of the period, and the upholstered overmantels are more convincing than the protective proprieties. Messrs. Savage Graham and Ronald Simpson have chosen to write not so much about persons as about a period, and the play is as thin as a bubble. The absurdities, as they now seem, of Victorian convention are hardly enough in themselves for a whole evening's entertainment, and when the authors try to show the unhappiness these conventions caused they get right out of their depth. Sir Nigel Playfair, the producer, has extracted every pennyweight of fun from the comic material, but he seems very comprehensibly to have been baffled by the would-be serious passages. Perhaps it would have been better to play these frankly as farce. Sir Nigel has collected a particularly good cast, and was lucky to find himself available for one role. Miss Mary Jerrold, Miss Mary Mayfren, Miss Pamela Willins were all excellent. The young will enjoy this play because it makes them feel so much more enlightened than their parents; and their parents will enjoy it for the memories it recalls of happy days spent in bicycling, punting, discreet flirtation, and the singing of simple and sentimental songs.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, September 5th—
Cricket, New Zealand v. An England XI., Folkestone.

Sunday, September 6th—
J. M. Robertson on "The Sociology of Sir Arthur Keith," Conway Hall, 11.
"The Marcopulos Secret," by Karel Capek, Embassy Theatre.
Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester.

Thursday, September 10th.
Dr. L. Haden Guest on "The Bolshevik Leaders of 1920 and 1931," B.B.C. 7.30.
Highland Gathering, Braemar.
Flower Show, National Dahlia Society, London.

Friday, September 11th.
Discussion between Dr. G. J. Renier and Dr. Karl Silex on "As Others See Us," B.B.C. 7.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THIS week books must take second place. Who of mortal men could continue to peer along the shelves, to sit at ease in a library alcove, or to perch inquisitively on top of the steps, when standing in the room, aureoled in light and with the very spirit of joy and gaiety dancing in her poise, was Ellen Terry? And that is what has happened this week. Mr. Graham Robertson's charming, modest and attractive *Time Was* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.) is full of lovely figures, strange figures, great figures, but it is to the chapters about Ellen Terry that the book owes its unusual fascination. In the volume of letters entitled *Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw* (Constable, £5 5s.) there is, as more than half the letters are by Mr. Shaw as well as the long and entertaining introduction, a good deal about some one other than Ellen Terry, but that incomparable woman remains in one's mind, when the book is closed, as the most vivid, the most lovely and the most natural of everything in her world. The reason for the great sense of reality that Ellen Terry gave on the stage may perhaps be found in Mr. Robertson's explanation:

> At the most critical and receptive age of nineteen, when most young players are working up towards their first success and living wholly in the world behind the footlights, she left the stage and gave what would be considered her best years to a real life, away in the country, far from the theatres and all concerning them. During these six years, which I have often heard called the lost years of Ellen Terry, she lived through those emotions that she was to portray later on; she knew great happiness, and keen suffering, glad tranquillity, fear, and even actual want; she learned in her sorrow to creep down to the heart of nature, and to draw from it help and comfort, in her joy to turn to nature for an answering smile.

I do not think Mr. Bernard Shaw would quarrel with that. For his contention is that Ellen Terry was a woman of consummate genius who went on to the stage because she came from a great acting family.

> I am not sure that she would have become a professional actress if she had not been born with a property spoon in her mouth. Her natural taste was for pictorial art, not for histrionics. Her first husband was a great painter. She left the stage without hesitation to keep house on £3 a week with Edward William Godwin, a distinguished architect with a craze for stage pictures and pageantry, and was induced to return to it only by an offer of £40 when she had two children to provide for.

Here Mr. Shaw is too positive. Miss Terry's return to the stage was certainly not governed "only by an offer of £40"; it was far more due to her desire, her ruling motive throughout life, to help a friend. If Charles Reade had not needed her the £40 might have gone down the wind.

* * *

The chief impression that Ellen Terry left on all who loved her was of a woman who would do anything to help a friend, who had no enemies, and could not understand action that did not spring from affection. She was human, and no doubt must have disliked some people; but if she did, she merely let them alone. Love was for her the only source of activity. She had a selflessness, a regard for others' feelings which would be rare in any profession, but are perhaps rarest in those professions which demand artistic qualities, and in which success so often depends on a victory over competitors. Of her excessive carefulness for other people's feelings there is a lovely instance in one of her letters to "Bernie."

> I don't know why, but for the first time in all my long life I am most frightfully dispirited. Oh God, how frightful it is! This last week I've had real courage to consent to live, being out of love with life. The first time! Nobody sees it, except my dresser at the theatre, and I don't speak to her of how I feel, for it would make her ill. She has dressed me for 20 years, and has survived, and to be ungrateful to her now!

The simplicity in Ellen Terry's character, her directness, has a wisdom which makes Mr. Shaw's cleverness seem rather childish. He says in his introduction that the character of the correspondence, which he quite needlessly believes requires explanation and justification, is to be explained partly on the grounds that "we were both comedians, each acting as audience to the other, and each desiring to please and amuse the other without ulterior motives or what match-making mothers call intentions." This is only true if it is remembered, as Mr. Shaw himself says later, that Ellen Terry excelled as an actress because "she never needed to perform any remarkable feat of impersonation. . . . Her combination of beauty with sensitive intelligence was unique: a disguise would have been intolerable. Her instinct was for beauty and sincerity: she had only to play a part 'straight,' as actors say, to transfigure it into something much better than its raw self." She was not, that is, ever less than herself, and had not the presumption to pretend to be more; and in these letters there is only that amount of play-acting which is implicit in any form of self-expression made by an artist.

Although this correspondence begins when Ellen Terry was forty-four years old, and Mr. Robertson's friendship with her dates from a slightly earlier period, I think that from these books may be had a truer impression of the great actress than from any other, except her own autobiography. Mr. Robertson shows in every page of his recollections the quick and sensitive receptiveness that marks his pictures; he has known many of the most amusing people of his day. He writes of them all with judgment, and without malice, in a way refreshingly free from the key-hole type of recollection grown too fashionable of late years. That the pages about Ellen Terry have a light not found elsewhere in the book is only what her friends would expect. Her sunlight dims the flares and the torches of Sarah, her kindliness and naturalness make Sarah a little ridiculous; indeed, the only person in Mr. Robertson's book of equal force is the old eccentric painter Albert Moore, working in his dilapidated studio amid a wilderness of uninvited and disliked cats.

* * *

In the letters of Bernard and Ellen Terry, Miss Terry triumphs over Shaw, over his theatre, over Irving, and has in her shrewdness (for she was shrewd as well as wise) a timelessness that makes the great dramatist seem oddly old-fashioned. The book has a rare excitement in it, for here it becomes plain that Mr. Shaw's fantastic attacks on Shakespeare and less fantastic but often misdirected attacks on Irving sprang from his infatuation for Ellen Terry, and his conviction that neither Shakespeare nor Irving were good enough for her. His efforts to break up the Lyceum tradition were the honest expressions of a jealous love which cannot bear to see the object of its adoration wasting herself on unworthy material. Odd that Shakespeare should have been so set-about for the sake of one of his loveliest interpreters! Of course, Ellen Terry could never make head or tail of what "Bernie" meant about Shakespeare, though she politely tried to, because she had an instinctive feeling for poetry, while Mr. Shaw's tendency has always been to complain that poetry, lovely noise though it be, proves nothing. But she did understand the attacks on H. I. It was too late, however. Irving could not alter his managerial custom—to produce a play which should, the whole caste helping, frame Henry Irving. He was a doomed, driven figure who lived to pretend to be other people, and succeeded magnificently. That he could not read is proved by his acting versions of Shakespeare and his failure to produce *Peer Gynt*, a part made for him, a part which will never be properly acted until another Irving arises. That he never produced *The Man of Destiny* I cannot believe was a misfortune. He, or the dramatist, or both, would have been killed at rehearsals, or Ellen Terry, flinging herself between her two infants, would have been cut down untimely.

RICHARD SUNNE.

THE INTELLECTUAL SOLDIER

"Charlton." Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

The best companion in the world is the highly educated and thoughtful officer. The sailor is jollier and more approachable; but, though he may have travelled far, he has been generally imprisoned in his ship. The soldier needs more knowing; he may be stiff even to haughtiness; but the barracks are not so narrow as the man-of-war. Anyhow, both kinds are good, and, like ladies and gentlemen, they are perhaps worth preserving, though we pay a lot for them.

"Charlton," as he describes himself in this frank story of his life, is an army officer of a rare and excellent type. He has faced hard realities too often to be bookish, and has read and thought too much to have "the military mind." He shows himself sympathetic, open-hearted, imaginative, and solicitous to please. But for his capacity and his adventurous spirit, one would suppose the ordinary officers' mess would call him a crank. And, indeed, he must often have tried the patience of his superiors and his fellows. Hunting and polo form an aristocracy in every regiment, and though at first he hunted and played polo, he gave up the hope of entering that highest circle because he could not afford decent mounts. He was a first-rate shot and enjoyed shooting till he revolted against every form of killing pursued for pleasure. He was tender-hearted to the enemy, and could not endure farm-burning in the Boer War. In Iraq he actually went so far as to refuse to bomb helpless villages from the air. Rather than do it he resigned his commission. He was inclined to Socialism, though he kept that criminal tendency dark. He read history and philosophic books with interest. Worst of all he liked poetry!

The Society ladies who hang around officers with alluring favour, especially in war time, had no attraction for him. He much preferred the natural charm and intercourse of the "frail" who haunt Alexandria and other wanton cities. He seems never to have fallen in love, but he tells us that in other respects he behaved like other men. In Ashanti, as is the custom, he purchased a pleasing girl from a native chief, and gave her a "dash" (very inadequate, she protested) when he was recalled. He left her with child, and never knew whether it was boy or girl, but believed that the mother would be proud of the streak of white in her baby. (In passing, I may observe that the results of white and black admixture I have seen along that West Coast are singularly hideous and pitiable objects.) Against his inclination, he yielded to the amorous blandishments of a full-bosomed Boer girl on the veldt, and in the West Indies he kept a coloured girl for his solace. The freedom with which he recounts these common habits of men is perhaps a reaction from his boyhood's horror of the animal method of human production, and from the rigid discipline of his education in a Jesuit school.

One might discover similar reactions throughout his character, for he conceals little or nothing, and the book would make a study in modern psychology. He represents himself as vain, but all active and intelligent men are vain in the sense of liking recognition. He also represents himself as timid and cursed by a sense of inferiority which drove him to reckless and foolhardy actions in the hope of being regarded as a very devil of a fellow. Though naturally soft-hearted and placable, he enjoyed the chance of showing himself "stern and unbending," and rejected the pathetic appeal of a native for mercy after a breach of discipline. Writing in the third person as he does throughout, he says:

> The price of his harshness is not yet paid, for the incident forms one of the regrets of his life, and he never can efface from memory the attitude of supplication of that humble, harmless human creature.

He shows a similar reaction against his strictly religious upbringing:

> Most of religion (he writes) he conceived to be a fairy tale, and even at his then age of twenty-eight he could not, in his arrogance, understand how grown-up men and women of normal mentality could patiently consent, Sunday after Sunday, year in, year out, to listen to the pulpit outpourings which it had so often been his sad lot to sit under.

Yet in spite of all paradoxes and contradictions, he was an excellent soldier, always ready for any adventurous service, always longing for new scenes of action, and detesting only the routine of garrison and depot. He served in Crete during the disturbances that happily ended in the expulsion of the Turks. He went straight off to the South African War and was wounded on Spion Kop, when Buller was trying in vain to pierce through to our relief in Ladysmith, where, through the naval telescope, we could watch the British troops being driven off from the summit only some twelve miles away. After hospital, he joined the Mounted Infantry (the "Catch-'em-alive-O") and wandered in vain pursuit after the vanishing enemy over the veldt, exposed to all the superior scorn of the Australians in his party, who had been bred to think nothing of English officers. Next we find him learning the Hausa language in Ashanti; then in Ireland; then in the West Indies; then for a dreary while in a depot near Manchester, with difficulty overcoming the habit of varying boredom with drink; then in the Staff College; then joining the Air Force in France (wounded again); then as a member of a mission to Washington; then in command of a flying squadron round Bagdad. After his refusal to bomb villages, resignation was forced upon him, and he withdrew to cultivate his garden.

What a life he has enjoyed and what splendid opportunities for action and knowledge! Certainly he has used them to the full. For England he always felt that passionate love known to distant travellers when they come home. On the outbreak of the Great War, he writes:

> He remembers how he suddenly realised the intensity of his love for England. It was not patriotism in the ordinary sense of the word, but something much more personal to himself, and the thought of it was far too sacred to be shared. It had no connexion with Union Jacks, National Anthems, or the righting of wrongs, but much to do with hill and dale, green fields, cornland ripe for harvest, and a wayward sky.

That feeling for England's nature and history is often seen in the book, for the poetic instinct lurks in this General of the Air Force. The frequent photographs and the narrative of events make the writer's identity fairly plain. I should easily detect it even if I did not know him.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

ROBERT BRIDGES

The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges. Enlarged Edition. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

The poems reprinted in this book are the highest achievement of Robert Bridges. They have in a special degree the primary virtue of poetry, which is to give delight. There are poems, and great ones, which grudge this delight, which are hard to win; but of lyric poems it is generally true that the best enchant at once; and that the highest grace of lyric poetry is that quality that takes the breath away, a beauty so sudden and effortless that it seems to be without ever having become; for we think that no process could have produced such unstrained perfection. And this instantaneous felicity was particularly the gift of the Elizabethan poets. The Romantic poets of the early nineteenth century wooed consciously and arduously the spirit of poetry as well as the form, and their relations with it were intense and sacred and sometimes terrible; but the Elizabethans were at home with it. It was so easy for them to feel poetically and to run their feeling into intricate, conventional form, that one thinks they might have written their poetry in their sleep; it is as miraculous and unsought as the pearls which fell from the lips of the girl in the fairy story, even with her most casual words. There is, however, a kind of instantaneous poetry, like "O western wind when wilt thou blow?" and many of the songs of Blake and some lines of Wordsworth, which comes out in language of such deadly simplicity that one feels them less as positive created things than as holes in a curtain, or if positive, then as a bomb in one's hand, as if the meaning might suddenly explode the form: but the songs of the Elizabethans, for all their spontaneity, spring to life already intricate and sophisticated in form; as a flower opens, with its petals, the fanciful conceits of nature, already perfect and symmetrical.

In such a union of spontaneous feeling with finished, ingenious craftsmanship Bridges is more fundamentally like the Elizabethans than in the particular rhythms and turns of phrase that he caught from them. For if we are to speak of influence and imitation, there are echoes in his verse of poets from Wyatt onwards: sometimes he seems almost to speak with the voice of Wordsworth, for instance when he is describing a sudden irrational happiness:

> The morn doth neither hasten nor defer,
> The morrow hath no name to call it by,
> But life and joy are one—we know not why—
> As though our very blood long breathless lain
> Had tasted of the breath of God again.

And some poems, like the one beginning "My bed and pillow are cold," have the undine beauty of Shelley's poetry, exactly the ripple of his cadences; and indeed in technical skill his range is between Milton and ballad poetry. It was natural that he should be eclectic, having so deep an acquaintance with the poetry of our language, and such a fine ear for the characteristic rhythm and diction of schools and individual poets. Nevertheless in spirit he was most akin to the Elizabethans. For him, too, poetic feeling came easily, so that he could be a self-conscious artist in the sense in which Spenser and Campion were: not self-conscious about the sources of his art, but giving the more eager and open attention to its technique because he took for granted the psychological experiences from which it began. And occasionally this interest in technique led him, too, astray, perhaps when feeling was flagging; but his best poems seem like theirs to have been instantaneously perfect in form, as if he had trained his sense of prosody so well that when he needed it, it knew before he knew himself, what was in his mind.

He is like the Elizabethan song-writers, too, in the simplicity of his feeling. Poems like "My spirit sang all day" and "Awake, my heart, to be loved" express a single-minded rapture that has been rare in English love poetry since

> Oh love, they wrong thee much
> That say thy sweet is bitter . . .

Bridges could write poems of remonstrance or despair, too, but the prevailing mood of his love poetry is joy; indeed one might say, of all his poems; for there are some in which his happiness is referred to no cause, only stated;

> And every eve I say,
> Noting my step in bliss,
> That I have known no day
> In all my life like this.

But most often it is joy in love: sometimes no more than gaiety, sometimes the ecstasy of "My delight and thy delight," or of the lovely but less renowned poem:

> My spirit kisseth thine,
> My spirit embraceth thee:
> I feel thy being twine
> Her graces over me,
>
> In the life-kindling fold
> Of God's breath; where on high
> In furthest space untold
> Like a lost world I lie:
>
> And o'er my dreaming plains
> Lightens, most pale and fair,
> A moon that never wanes . . .

Or sometimes it is the intense quietness and gratitude of "Long are the hours the sun is above," or a religious ardour in which love is worshipped apart from the person loved, as in "Love on my heart from heaven fell":

> Now never from him do I part,
> Hosanna evermore I cry:
> I taste his savour in my heart
> And bid all praise him as do I.

That is a clear statement of what is implicit in all Bridges' love poetry, but it has not such beauty as some of the less contemplative poems. These, however, almost all need to be quoted in full, and yet are a little too long for it: one can only be glad that the poet has given so few of them names, so that to speak of any individually is to quote at least the first line.

Perhaps half, or rather more than half, of these poems are love poems, and the rest are extremely varied; indeed, it is confusing that a book which leaves a special impression of homogeneity should really have more variety in spirit and style than it is possible to treat fairly. There are poems of reflection, and there are some, particularly gracious and satisfying, created in the way of odes, out of contemplation of some one object: it is these in which the poet has most exercised his skill with rhythm, particularly with long lines. "A passer-by" and "The Downs" and the poem about nightingales, "Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come" are too well-known to quote; but "London Snow," which is simply onomatopœic description, is beautiful like them for the stretch and give of the metre:

> Then boys I heard as they went to school, calling,
> They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
> Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing;
> Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees;
> Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
> "O look at the trees!" they cried, "O look at the trees!"

This poem, except in its technical excellence, is not characteristic of Bridges: though he wrote a good deal that could be called nature poetry he seldom described natural beauty so purely for its own sake, for the picture it made; generally he used it dramatically; and the snow of the poem beginning

> I never shall love the snow again
> Since Maurice died,

is more memorable, because it was seen in a more dramatic relation to human life than the indeterminate snow of the other poem. And the relation is a truly dramatic one of emotion not a falsely dramatic one of logic; it was not that the snow killed Maurice, but that it was on the ground when he was brought home dead to friends who had been expecting him living, and saving up the best pleasures of winter for his return. A more crudely dramatic poet might have written that the snow killed Maurice, and was therefore hateful; but Bridges observed that love and hate do not fall logically and it is impossible to find by reason what will start an emotion. Of course it is a truism; but very few poets, perhaps only Wordsworth, have felt so strongly as Bridges the power of those "strange fits of passion," the irrational motions of joy or hope or fear or sorrow, that are fired by something external, apparently trivial, not logically related. And Wordsworth generally theorised about them, but Bridges accepted and described them simply, so that they are dramatic in his poetry. For he could catch the portentous moment, and knew exactly where, in any situation, the high-light fell, what of external things it was that bore the weight of human passion; it might be winter nightfall, or a pine-tree crashing in woods, or himself finding the favourite flower of the woman he loved, and instinctively going to pick it for her and being stopped by the knowledge that she was across the sea. And because he was not deceived by the law of cause and effect, but knew how far astray it goes when it touches human feeling, his poems, even those that are fancifully written, give a special sense of reality, for they belong to a world in which things happen in the way we know.

E. J. SCOVELL.

AMERICAN FICTION

The Forge. By T. S. STRIBLING. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
Triad. By STIRLING BOWEN. Dent. 7s. 6d.
This Our Exile. By DAVID BURNHAM. Davies. 7s. 6d.
The Sound and the Fury. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Three of these books it would not be too wild a risk to call great stories; and the fourth, Mr. Burnham's, has unusual distinction. The one essential of great fiction is the making of living people. If this is done, as by Dickens, flaws and faults are forgiven. In another type of great novel the characters will express more than themselves, their lives become part of the wider life of a country, a people or a time, as in *War and Peace*. In the third and greatest type of novel the characters become not only greater than themselves, but greater than any time or country; they become symbols of eternal qualities in the human spirit. Sometimes the author has realised and intended this, as did Dostoevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov*; sometimes it seems to come without the author's conscious will, because he has seen his characters with a peculiar imaginative intensity. The stiff iron of their personal peculiarities in that heat becomes the white, molten, flowing stream of the human spirit. *The Forge* and *Triad* belong to the second type of novel, *The Sound and the Fury* to the third.

Concerned with the struggle between North and South, *The Forge* is more than the Vaidens, its protagonists, with their individual peculiarities and the loneliness in companionship which is their family life. It is the South itself with its strange mixture of lives, the gracious, luxurious life on the great estates, where the planters tried "to mould something out of life itself . . . to live gracefully and to talk well" side by side with the shiftless, semi-civilised life of small estates like the Vaidens and touched by the primitive, pioneer lives of the "hill men," looters of cattle, fighters of blood feuds, among whom

> If the wayfarer were well equipped, spoke correct English, and seemed of gentle breeding, then he was refused lodging through a combination of resentment at his station and embarrassment at his good manners. If he were rough, poorly horsed, and shabbily clad, such a traveller could find lodgment anywhere. . . . "You-uns get out and come in, your gal kin sleep in the bed with my ol' womern an' the baby, an' me an' you kin sleep on the floor."

The Forge shows the heroic, accidental and childish spirit in which men go to war; it shows the South, wrecked by its foundation of chattel slavery, being superseded by the North, bearing, in its industrial slavery, the seeds of its own ruin. Mr. Stribling is just; against the gracious charm of the Lacefield manor stands the terrible and symbolic figure of Gracie the slave, Gracie, three-quarters white, with the sensitiveness of her white ancestors, child of the master of the house, her husband sold away from her, raped as a matter of course by the eldest son, beaten while she is pregnant, offered for sale to pay the bill of the cross-road's store, who escapes to what she hopes is the army of her deliverers —who give her shelter indeed, but only as a prostitute.

Mr. Stribling sees life as odd, humorous and cruel, men's gains little and their losses bitter. To his women only does he allow some nobility and to Marcia Vaiden, his young heroine, meditating on the terrible consequences of evil deeds, comes the simple thought that she, and we all, can only be saved from them by

> a love and kindness and generosity that are a sort of ready-made foresight, a kind of simple wisdom that anyone might use if only he had the heart to do so.

His narrative style is better than any one sentence or paragraph, and he has a raciness in dialogue—"Abe Lincoln is a knot in the devil's tail"—"are they fighting about anything or are they just fighting?"

In Mr. Bowen's three long, well-written, impressive short stories we have not only a picture, but a sort of distilled essence of modern America. It is impossible to read the bare, ugly simplicity of his style in the first story—

> Deerhorn, two-thirds of the way north in Lower Michigan, is where Laura Irving lived before she married and became Mrs. Rood and moved away—

without seeing the bare ugliness of the prairie towns with their lack of any architectural beauty or background of culture. This effect is not accidental. Mr. Bowen is very conscious of what he wants to do, his style is different in each story and in each admirably suited to the impression he wishes to convey. If these are his first printed work they are a surprisingly finished achievement. *The Imperfect Crime*, his first story, is a barely stated, cruelly poignant tragedy, which makes the reader wonder again if it can ever be right to give a long sentence of imprisonment except to those criminals whose madness makes a life-sentence necessary for themselves as well as for others. We hear so much of how powerful gangsters escape punishment in American cities that we forget how the fear and anger which they arouse may be vented in harsh punishments on helpless or innocent suspects who seem to be of the same type. These stories show what a difference the partial absence of class distinctions makes in American life, how small is the step from the good-class family of the small town to the lower-classes of the large cities, how tragically easy it is for youth to find the adventure it naturally craves in the "under-world." In the second story we see how this lack of class feeling makes it easier for the slack, weak man to appear to remain in his own circle, while gradually sinking to the level of a factory hand and remaining there. From a different angle Mr. Burnham exposes modern America. His novel is one of close family life—the life of rich people whose riches depend on the hard work of the father and are a plague to his children, who have an appetite for leisure but no discrimination in satisfying it. Jimmy tells the story—of his father's death, his mother's selfish, nervous grief, his brother Fred's efforts at writing, his sister-in-law's wretchlessness, his own miserable love story. All the people have fineness, and all end in futility—a symbol of the world's waste, where people can starve because there is too much to eat and drink. Mr. Burnham's writing is effective; and he can be very moving, as in the long account of Mr. Eaton's illness and death.

With William Faulkner we come to the novel whose characters are symbols of the human spirit, and to a work of art which is yet another proof that, if the artist has enough force, he may use what technique he wishes to attain his end. In his sympathetic and intelligent introduction Mr. Richard Hughes tries to give a valid explanation of obscurity in art and nearly succeeds (yet it must be counted a fault in these modern techniques, of which Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein give us extreme examples, that to be understood they must be explained). The great difficulty of the modern desire to show, without selection, all the thoughts that can pass in a day through the human consciousness and unconsciousness is that it destroys our illusion of time; thoughts that pass with the speed of light are leaden-footed in print. The first quarter of Mr. Faulkner's book comprises all the thoughts, sights and impressions that come in a day to a congenital idiot, a man of thirty-three with the mind of a very young child, for whom time is not, whose past and present are one mingled stream. His second part is the day of a sensitive, heart-broken youth at Harvard who intends to commit suicide that night. All of Quentin's mental impressions have, therefore, a confusion and slowness due to his emotion and his realisation that they are all, for him, the last of their kind. It might fairly be counted a criticism of this technique that it should be at its most appropriate in the portrayal of abnormal states of mind; but, in the third and fourth parts, where Mr. Faulkner writes in the third person, we see how skilfully all this sound and fury fit into his terrible pattern of the ruin of a family, a family whose sensitive members are lead astray by their own lusts and weaknesses and crushed by the lusts, stupidities and cruelties of the less sensitive and intelligent members. No one surely since Dante has put so many of his people in hell as does Mr. Faulkner; and even Dante might have shrunk from Jason and his lust for cruelty.

THE RETURN OF REASON

Reason and Nature. By MORRIS R. COHEN. Kegan Paul. 21s.

Mr. Cohen's book is a critical conspectus of modern thought, in which surveys of contemporary mathematics, physics and biology appear side by side with chapters on history, natural rights, ethics and free will. A whole book is devoted to "Reason in the Social Sciences," while an Epilogue "In Dispraise of Life, Experience and Reality" might form the starting point of a review on the subject of Mr. Cohen's pessimism. From this brief account it will be seen that *Reason and Nature* is a very substantial affair; it runs to four hundred and seventy large and closely printed pages, and touches most of the controversial questions of our time.

It is, perhaps, best considered from the point of view of what must have been Mr. Cohen's main purpose in writing it—so much,

Choose your LINING

as you would your CAR-*by the* NAME & MARK.

THE name or emblem on a car is a *promise*. Test records *must* be upheld. The name 'COURTINE," on suit and coat linings, also is a promise. Before the time when—after exhaustive tests — "COURTINE" LININGS were first advertised to the public, linings often gave serious trouble. Their origin was unstated. But now in the name "COURTINE" and the knowledge of the guarantee of the Manufacturers — COURTAULDS —you have fullest assurance that the rich sheen, gliding comfort and fine rich texture will be preserved always. Ask your Tailor to use

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS write to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

at least, he hints in his preface—as a defence and rehabilitation of reason against the prevalent irrationalism of the age.

Modern psychology in general and psycho-analysis in particular have, it is notorious, tended to bring reason into disrepute. The nineteenth century believed on the whole that reason was free; its deliverances might be, and in practice no doubt frequently were, biased by prejudice and distorted by desire, but the fact that reason was frequently deflected by these influences did not mean that it was not capable of taking a disinterested survey of evidence with a view to forming a "reasoned" conclusion, and making an impartial and "reasoned" choice between alternative courses of action.

It is precisely this which modern psychology tends to deny. Regarding reason as a mere cork floating on the waves of instinct and desire, it exhibits its operations as entirely determined by the motives which led to its employment. These motives are usually unconscious, so that, when we use our reasons to invent arguments for what we instinctively wish to believe and excuses for what we instinctively wish to do, we are unaware of the deception and are less hypocrites than dupes of our unconscious selves. It is this conception of reason that, in his first book *Reason and the Nature of Things*, Mr. Cohen challenges. "I am," he affirms, "a rationalist in believing that reason is a genuine and significant phase of nature," and proceeds to give grounds for supposing that reason is capable of reaching objective truth. In different connections he shows how those who decry reason cut away the ground from under their own feet; for in offering for our acceptance some substitute guide to understanding and to life, such as intuition, pure experience, mystical insight, or sheer common sense, they do not hesitate to use their own reasons or to appeal to those of others in showing why the particular faculty suggested should be preferred to reason. "Our reason," he concludes, "may be a pitiful candle-light in the dark and boundless seas of being. But we have nothing better, and woe to those who wilfully try to put it out." Reason, in fact, is the bar to which different theories of the universe must be called to give an account of themselves. "To judge critically all pretended proofs in the light of the most rigorously logical rules of evidence, is the indispensable task of any serious philosophy."

But because reason may give us some truth it does not follow that it can give us all, or that the universe is wholly knowable or rational. "Rationality does not exhaust existence . . . . For to deny the existence of irrationality is to make rationality itself a brute contingent alogical fact."

The point is an important one; its implication is that knowledge must from the very nature of things be limited. As science increases the scope of our knowledge it succeeds in bringing an ever greater area of what is given under the aegis of law; thus the realm of law, which is the realm of reasoned knowledge, constantly increases as the boundaries of the brute given are pushed further back. But science will never succeed in dispensing with something which is presented to its laws (the something at the moment consists of charges of negative and positive electricity), and this something, from the very fact that it is its *consequences* which law prescribes, must itself be outside the operations of law. And to say that it is outside the operations of law, entails that reason can give no account of it at the particular stage which science happens to have reached. It will, no doubt, subsequently be shown to be amenable to law, but only at the cost of a new something, which must be accepted as just given, reappearing in its place. Thus the universe can never become purely reasonable, the bounds of knowledge being necessarily limited by the element of brute contingent fact. Mr. Cohen concludes an argument on these lines by a plea for mysticism as "the belief that the universe contains something fundamental to which we may point but which we cannot fully describe."

From his subsequent treatment of ethics it appears that Mr. Cohen would include what we are accustomed to call "the good" as an objective, independent factor in the universe within this realm of non-rational, unknowable fact. He points out that "the moral intuitions of which men have been most certain have turned out to be variable and fallible," but this relativity of moral judgment has no bearing upon the question of the validity of moral ideals. The logical possession of the idea of perfect good is, indeed, implied by the fact that advances in moral ideals are not only made but are recognised as advances.

JULIE DE LESPINASSE

The Double Heart. A Study of Julie de Lespinasse. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

Than the analysis of somebody else's love affairs there are few occupations more exhilarating. *Suave mari magno*. . . . How pleasant from the shelter of an armchair to listen, amid humdrum warmth and dryness, to the far-away rumbling of such storms! In itself it is not the highest form of enjoyment; but, should persons of genius be involved, and if, as is true of Julie de Lespinasse, their shipwreck marks the beginning of a new epoch, no doubt a touch of smugness in the onlookers may be excused by the strange beauty of the spectacle.

The triumphant career of Julie de Lespinasse provides among other things a vindication—at any rate from the intellectual point of view—of a Government which is thoroughly autocratic. Under no democratic dispensation could this young lady have flowered as she did. In the first place, there would have been no Madame du Deffand; and there are some to whom a capricious fairy-godmother can do more good than the most maternal of public bodies. Secondly, when the fairy-godmother had failed, there would have been fewer kind friends in easy circumstances and no little convenient royal pension. . . . It is possible that her life might have been easier, smoother, less eventful, better regulated. But the life which she lived among her circle, and the character which she herself developed, would have lost half their charm and all their point.

Their point? In other words, that she was nobody and yet succeeded by the fascination of her intelligence in conquering, almost without effort, a whole world. At the outset she had neither money nor position. Her birth was provincial and illegitimate. Even her friends did not pretend that she was beautiful. Her health was usually very bad. She did not share, as far as one can judge, any of the ambitions of the climber. She did not trouble to climb; she simply rose—aided by the recognition of a quality, mysterious yet somehow special and unique. For the eighteenth-century world, with all its faults, was adept in the discernment of real quality. Down to the days of the Congress of Vienna such figures were the rule rather than the exception. A reputation for arrogance and exclusiveness did not prevent the eighteenth-century governing caste from throwing open its most comfortable apartments for the accommodation of the talented but ill-born. Results, indirectly,

Sisley Huddleston's

BACK TO MONTPARNASSE

Continues his delightful reminiscences of the Latin Quarter. A procession of famous figures passes through the book—H. G. Wells, Sir James Frazer, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, C. B. Cochran, etc. He chats of banned books, of models' lives, of English and French publishers, of Paris plays, of dancers, of France's discovery of Bernard Shaw, of Kiki the Montparnasse girl whose escapades have made her a celebrity. Reproductions of paintings, caricatures and portraits increase the interest of this entertaining book. (15/- net)

Clennell Wilkinson's

NELSON *(Ready Sept. 9th)*

Looks at Nelson's fascinating personality from an individual point of view, without concentrating attention exclusively either on his professional career or on Lady Hamilton. Conditions of naval life during the period are carefully sketched in, and the notable illustrations include two death-masks, the Keymer portrait, and contemporary caricatures by Gillray—none of which have been used before. (12/6 net)

HARRAP

began to be felt in '89—a year Julie de Lespinasse did not see. She had died, worn-out, in '76, one of the first but not the least brilliant of those adventurers who were overwhelmed by the tempest of Romanticism.

She was essentially a Romantic of the Romantics. Her quarrel with, and separation from, Madame du Deffand marks the violent cleavage of two epochs. Her benefactress belonged to the older world, to the world of good manners amid excess; Julie to the younger and more exuberant, in which the heart had become its own law. The history of her disastrous infatuations is familiar to all students of the period. We have already a good English translation of her biography by the Marquis de Ségur, while a translation of her celebrated *Letters* was issued in the Broadway Series not long ago. Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, the novelist, has now re-told and re-interpreted her career. At this date there can be little new to add, but Miss Royde-Smith makes up for the lack of fresh material by a treatment at once discriminating and sympathetic. Her prose style, alas, especially in the opening pages, vivid and energetic as it is, tends to grow a trifle turgid. The book itself is agreeably produced; yet the frivolous plates from the *Monument de Costume*, perpetually delightful for themselves, seem ill-suited to the character of the heroine.

ATOMISM: PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME

A Short History of Atomism. By JOSHUA C. GREGORY. Black. 10s. 6d.

A Critique of Physics. By L. L. WHYTE. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

In the history of science there are a number of great traditions, and of these none are greater than the two opposed but never vanquished traditions of continuity and discontinuity. To choose the theme of discontinuity, to write the history of the atom, then, was to take up a noble work, and Mr. Gregory's treatment of it is in many ways not unsuccessful. Following a plan which is becoming more and more usual among historians of science, he devotes comparatively little space to the ancients, and more than three-quarters of his book deals with events and concepts later than 1700. Mr. Gregory begins by discussing the atomism of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, and its exile from thought after the second century A.D. To this, as he says, many causes contributed, but he reveals a very common source of anti-atomistic feeling when he points out that the atoms were regarded (*e.g.*, by Cicero) as being too naked to be the framers of a world so richly clothed with qualities as that of our everyday life. Strangely enough, it was Aristotle, far from being an atomist himself, who gave the only possible answer to this objection, namely, that a face is not composed of faces, nor a pyramid of pyramids.

When atomism returned to power in the seventeenth century the problem of the nakedness of the atom was met by assigning corpuscles to the objective world and qualities to the mind. But its return to power was remarkable also for another reason, namely, the way in which the "Epicurean affront to Providence" was avoided by simply postulating divine initiation of the machine or divine superintendence—the "General Concourse" or sustaining power of the deity. As Mr. Gregory says, the prodigious expository power of particles was fully realised, and the demand of practical workers such as Robert Boyle for a theory that would correlate the masses of unrelated facts with which they were faced, forced the theologians to admit what they had formerly anathematised. There were, of course, many varieties of this expository power; thus the followers of Descartes spoke of "conspiring motions," the atoms preserving the forms of bodies by ordered passage, like a group of aeroplanes flying in formation. But much more important was the distinction between solid atoms and force-atoms, for as early as 1758 Boscovich attempted to explain cohesion, chemical affinity, etc., by a central repulsion surrounded by alternate zones of attraction and repellency. This way of thought was obscured for a time by the brilliant chemical theorising of John Dalton, and the attribution of different weights to the atoms of the elements, but the later researches on electro-chemical effects brought it back again in full force. But imponderable electricity did not threaten the ponderable Daltonian atom with a solution of the little solid particle into electrical constituents, for it was definitely an addition to the atom, perched on it, as Mr. Gregory says, and not a substitute for it. Not until the introduction of the notion of electric mass by J. J. Thomson, in 1881, was it possible that the atom could derive all its weight from its electrical constituents. From this point it is not far to the atomic models of Lenard, Rutherford, and Bohr.

Although Mr. Gregory's book is thus so essentially interesting, it is difficult to understand for what class of readers he intended it. Certainly not for scholars or for scientific men themselves, for he gives no references to the original books and papers. Certainly not for the general reader; the treatment is much too detailed, the style too involved, awkward, and repetitive. We must take the book as a preliminary exercise towards a standard work on the history of atomism, in the preparation of which we beseech Mr. Gregory to abandon the use of the word "version" ("atomic versions") which occurs on almost every page.

Mr. Whyte's book is of a very different character, also unsuited for the general reader (because the reader is assumed to have a considerable knowledge of the subject) although the publishers speak hopefully on the dust-cover of its value for all those who follow the thought of our time. It is, indeed, an attempt to forecast the physics of the future. Mr. Whyte is not concerned with applications of physics; his book is far from being a speculative essay in the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is an attempt to distinguish between the concepts in modern physics that are permanent and those that must be discarded, to indicate the directions that further theoretical developments are likely to take, and then to estimate what the effect of these developments is likely to be on other sciences and studies such as biology and psychology.

The aim of theoretical physics is the description of the diverse phenomena revealed in experimental science by a set of rules as simple and elegant as possible. It is inspired by a belief in the unity of nature, that is to say, by a belief that a synthesis can be made of the various laws that govern chemical reaction, electric currents, the movements of the planets, and all other phenomena of a like nature. Great progress has already been made towards a synthesis of this kind. The hypothesis of the atomic structure of matter, coupled with the quantum theory, which is a set of

A sign of good times.

Tea is always more enjoyable if it includes Hovis. Also more satisfying, for there is more than flavour in this delicious bread. It gives concentrated nourishment and is easily digested. The best baker in your neighbourhood bakes it.

Free from bran.

HOVIS
The National Health Builder
Baked by 20,000 bakers
HOVIS LTD., LONDON, MACCLESFIELD, BRISTOL.

rules to describe how the atoms behave, has brought the facts of electricity and chemistry, and to some extent those of radio-activity, within a single scheme. The strange nature of these rules, which seem to imply that time is another aspect of space, and that causality breaks down within the atom, is now a matter of common knowledge.

There still remain, however, several outstanding problems. One of these is the ratio of the mass of the electron to that of the proton. Electrons and protons are the bricks out of which atoms are built; matter in the last analysis seems to consist of these two constituents and nothing else. The diversity of the world, as Aristotle said, arises from their arrangement. These two have not the same weight; a proton is about 1,840 times as heavy as an electron. The instinct that leads us to believe that the diverse laws of nature can fit into one theory, assures us that the occurrence of this number is not pure chance, and that there is some reason, at present unknown, for their mass ratio to have this value and no other.

Such are the problems that must be explained by the physics of the future. Though we cannot speak with certainty, it seems probable that if civilisation survives long enough, an explanation of them will be found. Our conceptions of space, time, and causality, have had to be overhauled in the light of the Relativity and Quantum theories. Mr. Whyte's book is written in the belief that the advance towards a new theory will be accelerated by a further overhauling of these concepts, and by an attempt to define the ideas in terms of which the new theory may proceed. Whether or not this belief is justified only the future can show; it is at least as likely that the advance will come from clues provided by mathematics. Apart, however, from the heuristic value of the attempt, the book makes fascinating reading; the analysis of the differences between time and space measurement being especially good. The author's point of view throughout is that the difficulties and contradictions of current physical theory arise, not because nature is contradictory, but because we still try to describe atomic phenomena in terms unsuitable because drawn from macroscopic experience. If he is right, the abstract nature of the quantum theory is as nothing to that of the theories of the future.

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged.)

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers' Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Travellers Cheques are issued at all its Branches

SHORTER NOTICES

A Martial Medley: The War of 1914-1918 in Fact and Fiction. Scholartis Press. 10s. 6d.

To the descriptive title of "The War in Fact and Fiction," the publishers might have added "and in song." For this *Martial Medley*, in spite of its variety of authors (they are ten) and of subjects, bursts disconcertingly often into song, like a musical comedy. It would have been better to print these songs separately, as they interrupt the stories in which they are made to appear. As it is, the essays in the book are better than the stories and personal narrations. Mr. Conal O'Riordan's "One More Fortunate" is a pleasant meditative essay on soldiers in France, and his account of meeting Wilfrid Owen in France is well worth printing. An essay by Mr. John Brophy on smells, and one by Mr. Eric Partridge on by-ways of soldiers' slang, have the flavour of their subject.

Puppets in Yorkshire. By WALTER WILKINSON. Blcs. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wilkinson's Punch and Judy show is becoming as well known through the books he writes about it as by its own merits. He has already related his experiences as a vagabond with an "artistic trade" in the South-West of England, and in this volume he describes, in a very light-hearted, vagabonding style, the adventures he met with as he pushed, or pulled, his puppet outfit from village to village in Yorkshire, giving performances here and there, pitching his camp at night wherever convenience and a farmer's permission allowed him, meeting with all manner of country types, and relying entirely upon his penny-takings in market squares and village greens to keep him. Considering that Mr. Wilkinson was a stranger in Yorkshire, he has not only made a success of his business tour but also, in this book, has caught the spirit of the place and of real Yorkshiremen with such remarkable accuracy that *Puppets in Yorkshire* will prove itself a far more trustworthy and entertaining guide to our largest county than many professed guide books.

Practical and Artistic Activities in the Schools. By U. M. EDMONDS and E. A. WATERFALL. Allen and Unwin. 6s.
Educational Self-Government. By A. L. G. MACKAY. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

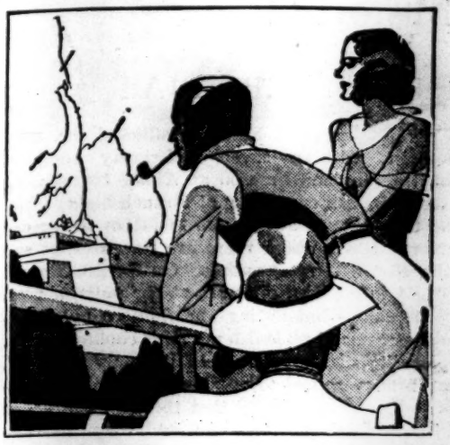
While their father, the first great teacher of teachers, was making tremendous educational discoveries, Rousseau's children were being shockingly badly brought up. It is also often the case that good teachers of children are no use as teachers of teachers. One has a feeling that both Miss Edmonds and Miss Waterfall are excellent in the classroom, but in their attempt to teach others to teach they have only succeeded in producing a book of undigested experiments and statistics, with lukewarm conclusions. Mr. Mackay, however, seems to be an exception. One cannot but deduce that he is successful in the classroom, and about the value of his book there is no doubt. Even if we do not agree with all his methods we must be impressed with his ideas and results, and his psychological reasoning is really sound. His chapter dealing with the problem of sex in schools is masterly and will prove of genuine use to all schoolmasters willing to drop a little of the fear and conservatism too often exhibited in dealing with the subject.

The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

If *Self-Help* were brought up to date and Americanised, Carl Laemmle would certainly deserve a paragraph; Mr. Drinkwater has given him a book. Yet in the Drinkwater omnibus of the future he will not be out of place, sitting and wise-cracking to Lincoln, Fox, Pepys and even Charles the Second. The only objection will be that he takes up rather too much room. From a well-nigh dollarless emigrant he has risen to be king of the films, lord of the stars and ruler of Universal City. His life is a record of courage, kindness and, in the matter of the cinema, triumphant opportunism. Its most exciting episode is his successful battle with the General Film Company, which threatened to establish a trust in the industry. Altogether, Laemmle's career might have made exciting reading, but Mr. Drinkwater's book lacks vitality. He spends too much time in unnecessary excuses for writing it, and in irrelevant digressions.

Dartmoor in all its Moods. By DOUGLAS GORDON. Murray. 9s.

Mr. Gordon deals with the moor as it is to-day, with the moorland folk who live upon its cultivable borders and graze their sheep upon its rugged pastures, with its wild life of bird and beast and flower, and with its own character of rock and swamp, and of desolate or pleasing grandeur as its moods change with the season or the weather. Mr. Gordon's nature notes have all the charm of intimacy, for he writes of what he knows, and he has the seeing eye and the sympathy and patience that make your true lover of Nature one with her. Here, then, are delightful studies of badgers, most maligned and most British and most ancient of beasts; of mountain foxes; of stoats and weasels; of curlews and ravens and buzzards; all written with the moor ever present as their home and background. The book is agreeably illustrated with black and white reproductions of water-colours by Lord Gorell.



The most delightful cruising liner in the world

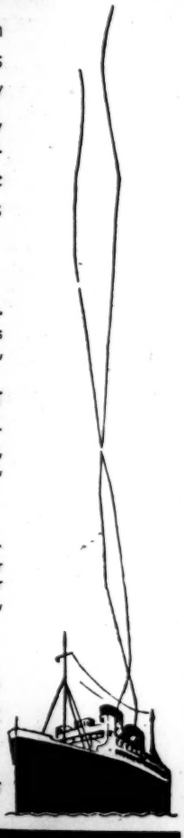
ARANDORA STAR

will be found in every month of the year

CRUISING

to places of charm and new interest

No holiday in all the World can approach the novel charm of a Sun-cruise on this superb vessel. As your eye is daily enchanted by new and romantic scenery, your body and mind are refreshed by comfort and luxury such as have never before been attained in all the proud traditions of the sea.



MEDITERRANEAN

September 11th, 21 days. Fare from 38 guineas.
Lisbon, Casablanca, Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Palermo, Algiers, Malaga, Ceuta (for Tetuan), Arosa Bay (for Santiago).

MEDITERRANEAN AND DALMATIAN COAST

October 9th, 22 days. Fare from 40 guineas.
Malaga, Palermo, Kotor (Cattaro), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Brioni, Venice (for Padua), Corfu, Palma (Mallorca), Ceuta (for Tetuan).

XMAS CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

December 18th, 19 days. Fare from 38 guineas.
Gibraltar (for Algeciras), Barcelona, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Spezia, Genoa, Monaco (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Palma (Mallorca) Tangier, Lisbon.

WEST INDIES AND MIAMI (FLORIDA)

January 23rd, 1932, 46 days. From 99 guineas.
To Teneriffe, Trinidad (for Port of Spain), Nassau, Miami, (for Palm Beach), Havana, Jamaica, Cristobal (for Panama Canal), Venezuela and Madeira.

For full particulars of these and other cruises apply:

BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1. (Gerrard 5671)
Liverpool: 10, Water St., and Principal Tourist Agencies.

Stripping Aside the veil of Sentiment

STRIPPING aside all sentiment—getting down to stark realities—you are, to your family, the source of the income which provides the home, clothes, food and amusement.

YOU ARE ALSO EXPECTED TO PROVIDE FOR THE USUAL CONTINGENCIES

¶ Are your life assurances sufficient to provide an adequate income for the maintenance of your family AFTER your death?

"Whole Life" policies by reason of their low annual cost enable you to obtain the maximum insurance for a minimum outlay.

A £1,000 POLICY

(age 30 next birthday) **can be obtained for**

Annual Premium **£27/13/4**

Whole Life Assurance WITH PROFITS

The value of these policies is increased by the addition of Bonuses (at present £2/2/- per year for each £100).

or

Annual Premium **£34/4/2** (20 Payments only)

Whole Life Assurance LIMITED PAYMENTS WITH PROFITS

The payment of premiums ceases after 20 years, but Bonuses are added until death occurs.

¶ A complete prospectus and booklet giving details of bonus additions and interesting information regarding surrender and loan values, etc., may be obtained without obligation from the

CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Chief Office: 109 Corporation St., Manchester
London Office: 42 Kingsway, W.C.2
Branch and district offices in all the principal towns

Established 1867. Assets exceed £12,250,000. *The Sign of Security*

The Fabian Society

Kingsway Hall LECTURES

Autumn, 1931

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, Holborn, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 22nd, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Capitalism in Dissolution: What Next?" The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

I. Thursday, 22nd October:
"THE DECAY OF THE FOUNDATIONS."
Chairman: Rt. Hon. T. JOHNSTON, M.P.
Lecturer: Mrs. BARBARA WOOTTON.

II. Thursday, 29th October:
"THE CURSE OF PLENTY: OVER-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION.
Chairman: Lord SNELL.
Lecturer: Ald. A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

III. Thursday, 5th November:
"SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT AND CAPITALIST INDUSTRY: HOW CAN THE TWO CO-OPERATE."
Chairman: Lord MARLEY.
Lecturer: Sir NORMAN ANGELL, M.P.

IV. Thursday, 12th November:
"THE RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT."
Chairman: Prince D. S. MIRSKY.
Lecturer: Mr. S. K. RATCLIFFE.

V. Thursday, 19th November:
"THE AMERICAN COLLAPSE."
Chairman: Dr. T. DRUMMOND SHIELS, M.P.
Lecturer: Professor H. J. LASKI.

VI. Thursday, 26th November:
"WHAT, INDEED?"
Chairman: KINGSLEY MARTIN.
Lecturer: Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 12th, 1931, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls and front rows of gallery is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered upper gallery and back rows of stalls, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

About Motoring

THE 20 H.P. FIAT

FIVE years ago the smallest Fiat car afflicted me, as a British motorist, with a severe inferiority complex. A sample of it accompanied me on an Alpine tour, during which I drove a small British car selling at a much higher price. Up the passes the Fiat romped away from me. On the special motor roads in North Italy, where there are no crossings and no speed limit, the Fiat left me standing. On the gradients it never developed the faintest wisp of steam at the radiator vent, whereas I was perpetually dismounting and filling a petrol can or my hat at glacier streams to replenish my car's cooling system. Down the precipices its silent brakes held it firmly and well, whereas my own brakes squeaked, and demanded daily re-adjustments. In the garage I noticed that the Fiat instruction book was easily the best I had ever seen; and when my companion experienced a little trouble with his electric horn, the mazes of the circuits were astonishingly simple to track, thanks to an excellent chart in the instruction book, the numbering of all terminals, and the use of distinctive coloured braidings for the various leads. When the convoy returned to England I recovered something of my insular conceit, for my four-speed gear box was better suited to our undulating roads than the Fiat three-speed with its rather low second ratio. But I have ever since wished that the Fiat was of British origin.

The 1931 20 h.p. Fiat displays in an advanced form all the virtues of its obsolete baby sister and eliminates my one criticism of that excellent 10 h.p. model, for it has a four-speed gear box, and its third gear is high enough to furnish a speed of just over 50 miles an hour on the flat, whereas many British twenties can hardly exceed 40 to 45 on their third gears. The car is decidedly cheap; £335 is a low price for an imported 20 h.p. saloon with full equipment, and of the Fiat grade. I think it looks cheaper than standard Fiats looked five years ago, but there is nothing nasty about it. The body structure is in steel, electrically welded. The upholstery is not hard, and the covering is best hide. Many expensive fittings are incorporated. The suspension is presumably designed for the waterbound macadam roads of a land where tar is scarce. Such roads soon degenerate into a series of extremely miniature potholes, which can only be ruled out flat by unusually sensitive springs. In a second phase they ripple, and in a third phase they generate major potholes of the type with which motor coaches make us familiar over here. But experiment proved that readjustment of the hydraulic shock absorbers stiffened the springs adequately for coping with worse going.

The speed of the car is normal, and in no sense high. Sixty-five probably states its absolute maximum; but this sixty-five is smooth, and with free use of the really fast third gear, which, incidentally, is of the noiseless type, enables the driver to register a high average. In mountainous country he will find the second gear genuinely useful, for it is capable of at least 30 m.p.h. under full load, whilst first is a real emergency ratio; it need never be used for starting, but is low enough to grapple with any conceivable situation. The brakes and cooling are naturally designed for the Alps; neither will ever cause the slightest anxiety, and the brakes not only remain cool and silent, but stop the car very promptly in traffic emergencies. I think the Fiat works must include a special official whose business it is to devise practical gadgets and to enable the private owner to cope with the unexpected. His instruction book is amazingly complete and lucid, without being cumbrous. And the car bristles with ingenuities. A locked saloon is moderately thief-proof in a car park, but there is now a special branch of crime which specialises in removing loose oddments from parked cars; the car remains, but the magneto, or the horn, or the spare wheel, is taken. The Fiat spare wheel is secured from inside the body, and is therefore safe, as the keyholes of Yale locks are too small to be picked with ordinary tools.

I found the air in the front compartment sweet and cool. The exhaust piping is kept well clear of the coachwork, and engine fumes are deflected into the outer air. The roof is apparently double, as the interior remained cool when the car was left standing exposed to strong sun. Single roofs convey far too much heat under Italian suns. The steering circle is as

PICKED AND BOTTLED ALL IN A DAY

Look up the recipe in a cookery book and you'll find it's a simple matter to make tomato ketchup. Yet . . . no one has so far succeeded in making a tomato ketchup nearly so tempting as Heinz. Why?—because the tomatoes Heinz use come straight from the vine. That's to preserve their garden-fresh flavour—for you cannot make Ketchup of the Heinz quality from foreign tomato pulp. To preserve their natural garden-freshness, the tomatoes must be picked, cooked and bottled all in a day!

THIS *DELICIOUS*

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

MADE IN CANADA. 6d, 8½d & 1/- per bottle (This does not apply in the I.F.S.)

OTHER VARIETIES:—BAKED BEANS · SALAD CREAM · TOMATO SOUP

RNLI

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARY

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES OF THE PAST:

On August 31st, 1924, the Motor Life-boat at The Lizard (Cornwall) rescued 93 lives from the s.s. "Bardic" of Liverpool, in a rough sea.

THIS WORK HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 107 YEARS.

Over 62,500 lives rescued. 11 LIVES EVERY WEEK!

YOU CAN HELP by sending your **5/- TO-DAY,** and remembering the Life-Boats in your Will.

They depend entirely on voluntary contributions.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* SIR GEORGE SHEE, *Secretary.*

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, Life-Boat House, 42 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

TO ENSURE the regular delivery of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION it is advisable for every reader either

(1) To become a Postal Subscriber

or (2) To place a definite order with a Newsagent.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year	post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months	" "	15s. 0d.
Three Months	" "	7s. 6d.

THE MANAGER, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 GREAT QUEEN ST. KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

SPEND THE WINTER IN AUSTRALIAN SUNSHINE

125 DAYS AFLOAT FOR £125

SUCH IS THE TRAVEL OPPORTUNITY OFFERED BY THE SAILINGS OF THE FIRST CLASS PASSENGER VESSELS OF THE

BLUE FUNNEL AND

WHITE STAR–ABERDEEN LINES

JOINT SERVICE

SAILING FROM LIVERPOOL FOR AUSTRALIA EVERY FOUR WEEKS AND CALLING AT THE

CANARY ISLANDS

AND

SOUTH AFRICA

First Class London Passengers are conveyed to Liverpool on Sailing Day by Special First Class Train at the Company's Expense

For full particulars apply to

ALFRED HOLT & Co.
INDIA BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL

WHITE STAR LINE
30 JAMES STREET,
LIVERPOOL

small as one would expect from a car designed for the hairpins on the Stelvio. There are few more horrible sensations in motoring than to be seated in a car which a nervous driver is reversing towards an unfenced precipice on a very narrow road, especially when he is judging his distance in a reversing mirror because the coachwork blankets his stern view. I have a vast admiration for a few of my friends who have retained their seats whilst I so reversed British cars with turning circles of 45ft. or so. This substantial Fiat turns to the left in about 33ft., and I could guarantee to take it up the Stelvio without reversing it at all. A narrow turning circle deserves a good driver, for a bad driver will over-swerve such a car at speed in sudden emergencies, and upset it; but no car used on the Continent should be afflicted with the clumsy steering locks which disfigure some of our British cars. British designers are very slow in realising the value of a good lock. A few of our more wideawake engineers take their experimental models abroad nowadays, for they have begun to realise that the rough levels of France and the stern roads of the Alps endow German, French and Italian cars with certain virtues which were once rare on our home products. To quote examples, the new Hillman Wizard and the M.G. Six and the tough Riley Nine are all Alp-tested. Each of them is famous for good brakes, good cooling, and a convenient steering lock.

It is, of course, a dreadful blunder to buy an imported car with a welded steel body unless the importers are known to have arranged proper repair facilities in this country. The complications of some steel bodies baffle description, and a comprehensive smash may confront owner, repairer and insurance company with extraordinary problems. I saw a crumpled steel saloon the other day which had a facia board apparently mounted by four screws. During repair the mechanic discovered that the "screws" were really bolts. The hidden end of each bolt registered with a hidden nut welded to a main body structure. The crash had buckled the facia board slightly; and a full repair was impossible except by waiting four weeks for a fresh part from across the ocean. The Fiat organisation in England is capable of dealing with all such collision problems.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

YOU WILL ALWAYS SHAVE

with the new, perfected softener for stubborn beards, if you accept a week's supply of it FREE.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

(Made by the makers of Euthymol Tooth Paste).

The razor feels as though it has no edge; but it makes the face satin-smooth.

Large tube 1s. 6d. From Chemists only.

Send for a 7 day sample free

COUPON

Euthymol (118J), 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.
Please send me FREE SAMPLE of Shaving Cream.

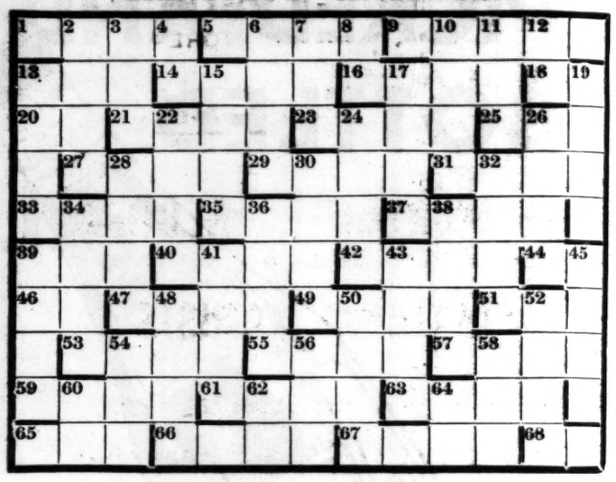
Name .....

Address .....

Please use Block letters.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



SPLITS

ACROSS.

1, 14. Slow sort of test *you* do.
5, 13 *dn.* Trinculo expects you to do this.
9. The best-known one worked in an arboreal setting.
13. Its a little confused.
14. See 1.
16, 23. Alleged instrument of martyrdom.
18. The guts of Tin Lizzie.
20. They say he has not paid his Income Tax.
21. Enough of them would take you round the circle.
23. See 16.
25. More powerful than the King.
27. Behead an exhibition of equestrian skill.
29 *rev.* Something for the consumer.
31, 24 *dn.* What Mr. Wilde left to posterity.
33. Found inside corn.
35. Something astronomers never see.
37 *rev.* Sometimes it's a dry one.
39. A good beginning for a Scotsman.
40. See 28 *dn.*
42 *rev.* Themes without ease.
44 *rev.*, 46. How Mrs. Gamp liked her gin.
47. A well-assorted get-up.
49. Here originated a philosophy.
51. Shakespeare said of this there was mouch.
53. You'll find my lode in the Thames valley.
55. Starts a show on the halls.
57. See 10 *dn.*
59. From Perusalem.
61, 48 *dn.* Where to look for Dominion.
63 *rev.* The beginning of a fairy story.
65. Internationally recognised.
66, 17 *dn.* Suggests a gallant failure.
67. See 39 *dn.*
68. See 12 *dn.*

DOWN.

2. Capital!
3. A current rises.
4. Key up with 44 *rev.*
6. Heart of the Hardy country.
7. Belonging to a Roman god.
8. A toupée in search of a head.
10, 37 *ac.* Of the earth earthy.
11 *rev.* My pose is Falstaffian.
12, 68 *ac.* Kipps liked it "buttud."
13. See 5 *ac.*
15. Not approved by of Mr. Stalin.
17. See 66 *ac.*
19, 26. Bradshaw was a prominent one.
22. Can come down in sheets.
24. See 31 *ac.*
26. See 19.
28, 40 *ac.* Greatly deplete.
32, 30. Henry VIII knew them not.
34. See 43.
36 *rev.* The King's is obsolete.
38. My lady of the little black bag.
39, 67 *ac.* Describes the usages of words that Trinculo likes.
41. My banks are in Italy.
43, 34. One is advised to do this with transports.
45. Habitat of 52 *rev.*
48. See 61 *ac.*
50. Lord Astor is at home here.
52 *rev.* The doctors' dilemma.
54. The bravest of the brave.
56. The distorted soul of a Proust.
58. Look and you can't miss it.
60, 62. Part of a Province.
64. It's evident I've no car.

BRIDGE

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS

Hand No. XXII. Defensive Overbid of Three in a Suit when Vulnerable.

North:		*East:*	
♠ 863	♥ K873	♠ Q94	♥ AQ102
♦ AQ7	♣ 1042	♦ 8643	♣ A9
West:		*South:*	
♠ 5	♥ J965	♠ AKJ1072	♥ 4
♦ KJ102	♣ 8753	♦ 95	♣ KQJ6

Score: Game all. East deals.

The Bidding:
East - 1 ♥ South - 3 ♠ West - No bid. North - 4 ♠ All pass.

Notes on the Bidding. To make an overbid of three when vulnerable, about seven playing tricks are required. Five of these, or thereabouts, should be in the trump suit. With more generally distributed strength, a take-out double would be preferable.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD. (Notes and explanations in brackets.)

ACROSS.—1. incandescence. 12. nauseate. 14. store *rev.* 16. crepuscular. 17. E.C. (Old Lady of Threadneedle Street). 18. i-con. 21. runcible. 24. not-ion. 26. opal (*The Prisoner in the Opal*). 29. imp(inge). 30. wise *rev.* 31. vim *rev.* 32. oblate. 35. Riot. 36. ateliers. 37. ass-et. 39. w(i)ll. 40. en-sue (Black-eyed Susan). 41. toe. 43. tailor. 44. kern (*Richard II*). 46. eschatologist.

DOWN.—1. incinerate. 2. narcosis (stupor=anag. of Pronat). 3. cae. 4. asp (two meanings). 6. etc. 7. cues *rev.* 8. Celia (*As You Like It*). 9. bare *rev.* 10. nor(man). 11. escapement. 13. U.S.A. *rev.* 15. teem. 19. otiose. 20. twin *rev.* 22. Novello. 23. liars (H. A. Jones). 25. nitwit. 27. lollop *rev.* 28. knell *rev.* 33. bier. 34. rust *rev.* 38, 42. ethos. 45. i.e. *rev.*

CALIBAN.

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE
Edited by HAROLD STOREY.

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER
contains
A COMPLETE RECORD
OF THE
NATIONAL CRISIS

ATTITUDE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY
FULL REPORTS OF ALL SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS

Invaluable for future reference

6d. MONTHLY 6s. A YEAR

LIBERAL PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
42, Parliament St., London, S.W.1

THE
ROUND TABLE
A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Commonwealth

Leading Contents for September:
THE POLITICAL FOUNDATION FOR DISARMAMENT
SHANGHAI
THE CRISIS AND ITS BACKGROUND
AMERICAN POLITICS AND THE HOOVER PLAN
THE MACMILLAN REPORT
DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA
GREAT BRITAIN:
THE NARROW WAY?

Other articles from Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand

Price 5s. per copy, or 20s. per annum. United States and Canada $5 p.a India Rs. 15 p.a. Post Free.

To be obtained through all Booksellers, Railway Bookstalls, and at

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2

LIFE AND LETTERS
Edited by DESMOND MacCARTHY

SEPTEMBER
E. M. FORSTER . . . Voltaire's Laboratory
RICHARD JENNINGS . . . . "Elle et Lui"
A. S. F. GOW . . . The Unknown Johnson
and
DESMOND MacCARTHY The Bubble Reputation
BOOK REVIEWS

On Sale at all Bookstalls—One Shilling
Postal Subscription—14s. per annum any address
10 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

THE
ECONOMIC JOURNAL
The Quarterly Journal of THE ROYAL ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER, 1931.

CONTENTS:
STATISTICAL STUDIES OF THE PRESENT ECONOMIC POSITION OF GREAT BRITAIN. By C. G. Clark.
BRITISH FOREIGN INVESTMENTS IN 1929. By Sir R. Kindersley.
SILVER: A STUDY IN MONETARY INSTABILITY. By J. H. Kirk.
MR. KEYNES' THEORY OF MONEY. By D. H. Robertson.
A REJOINDER. By J. M. Keynes.
THE REPORT OF THE MACMILLAN COMMITTEE. By Sir Josiah Stamp.

Price Six Shillings net.

London: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., St. Martin's St., London, W.C.

Application for Fellowship to the Secretary, Royal Economic Society, 9, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2. Annual Subscription, £1 1s. The subscription includes the quarterly "Economic Journal," and Economic History Series, Special Memoranda, Statistical Bulletins and sundry important publications at reduced prices. Life Composition, £10 10s.

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES
(who make also the finest radio sets)

E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones are made in small numbers and made superlatively well to the designs of a scientist-music-lover, and sold direct to the public at prices from Twelve Guineas to £42. No other gramophone can possibly give the same perfection of musical result. Those who could not be satisfied with anything less than the best possible musical reproduction use the E.M.G. For example: FREDERICK DELIUS, CONSTANT LAMBERT, JOHN LANGDON DAVIES, J. B. PRIESTLEY, ERIC LINKLATER, and most of the leading critics. Mr. W. J. TURNER says:—"For the serious music lover who wants a Gramophone it is the E.M.G. Mark Xa Model with the Horn or nothing."

E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD.
(Temple Bar 6458.)
11, GRAPE ST. (behind Princes Theatre), LONDON, W.C.2

The LABOUR MONTHLY
Monthly *SEPTEMBER 1931* *Price 6d.*

NOTES OF THE MONTH: TOWARDS NATIONAL COALITION. By R. P. D.—THE BANKRUPTCY OF GERMAN CAPITALISM. By J. L.—METAL WORKERS FACE FRESH STRUGGLES. By P. Glading.—LEFT WING SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM: I. The I.L.P. and the Labour Party. By Thomas Murray. II. Where does the I.L.P. Stand? By S.—THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA. By Alan Hutt.—BERNARD SHAW. By A. Lunarcharsky—MARXISM AND THE NATIONAL PROBLEM. By J. Stalin.—Book Reviews.

Write to the Manager, 7, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.1, for a specimen copy, 7d., post free.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE CHRONIC CRISIS—TIN AND INTERNATIONAL ACTION TO END THE SLUMP—RUBBER—KREUGER AND TOLL—ARGENTINA

WE appear doomed to live in a state of chronic financial crisis for an indefinite time. Further credits have been granted—£80,000,000 arranged with French and American banking groups on behalf of the British Treasury and good for twelve months—but the capitalist will not decide in a hurry that sterling is a safe currency to sleep on: he will wait to see the economy plans of the National Government and will review the prospects of sterling in the light of subsequent events. To argue that "sterling is now safe for a year" is ridiculous. If the capitalist at home were to take fright again and unnerve the foreigner, the new credit of £80,000,000 would not protect sterling for more than a week or two. In the recent crisis as much as £10,000,000 of foreign money was withdrawn in a single day. It is not clear that the £50,000,000 credit recently granted to the Bank of England will be repaid out of the £80,000,000. The former will have to run for at least three months until the bills rediscounted with the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Banks fall due: it may even have to be renewed for another three months. And the £80,000,000 credit will have to be funded at the end of the twelve months. For good or ill we have staked everything on winning and keeping the confidence of the man with capital, at home and abroad, and for the next twelve months we shall have to behave ourselves. We shall have to economise sufficiently to please the foreigner and avoid direct taxation sufficiently to please the taxpayer. We are become naughty children in a financial Sunday School and the Ten Commandments we must learn begin with: "Thou shalt have no other gods but the gold parity of the sterling exchange." With a fine sense of the stern realities the Stock Exchange has decided to work on Saturday mornings.

* * *

The danger which impresses me is that America will imitate the deflation policy of our National Government and so deepen the world trade depression. The U.S. Steel Corporation has not yet decided to reduce wages, but sooner or later it is expected to do so; and, if it does, it will be followed by the railroad companies. It is becoming increasingly evident that the world slump will not be ended until the Great Powers and the Central Banks come together to review international money debts and take steps to raise the world level of prices. The Macmillan Committee proposed a general international discussion on "The Restoration of International Trade," suggesting that schemes should be considered for "loans guaranteed by a joint fund to which borrowers would contribute a percentage of the sum borrowed in return for the guarantee, any ultimate deficiency in the fund being met by the guarantors." The Economic Experts of the European Union Inquiry Commission have now proposed a new international bank to finance world trade. Clearly some international action has got to be taken. The tin-producing industry has set a fine example by setting up an International Tin Committee to carry out the restriction scheme which has been given legislative sanction by the Governments of British Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Bolivia, Nigeria and Siam. Not content with a restriction scheme, it has now formed an international tin pool, with the concurrence of the Governments concerned, to take over a portion of the heavy stocks which overhang the market. This pool will release 5 per cent. of its holding when the spot price of tin (now about £121) has exceeded £150 per ton for a month. Thereafter its sales will be on a sliding scale fixed in relation to the market price. This sort of action should be undertaken by the producers of all the staple commodities, but a first essential is international sanctions. How long must we endure before we call an international conference to end the slump?

* * *

The tragic part of all slumps is the spectacle of human want and over-supply existing almost side by side. The unemployed in Europe, as they tighten their belts this Winter and perhaps shiver for a hot drink, will not be encouraged by the reflection that Brazil has been destroying part of its surplus coffee by fire. The half-starved masses in China would not love Western civilisation more if they were told that surplus wheat had been used in America as fuel to fire boilers. The Russian may argue from these tragedies that the capitalist system is bankrupt, but does it not point rather to the bankruptcy of the human intelligence when the United States Federal Farm Board proposes the destruction of one-third of this year's planted cotton? This was not taken seriously, yet Mr. H. J. Welch, a prominent director of rubber companies, has written to the *Times* supporting the monstrous proposal that the Governments in the East should impose an export tax on rubber to be levied in kind and handed over for destruction by fire. It would be better, as Mr. Macfadyen suggested, if the levied produce were handed over free for experimental purposes in order to foster new uses for rubber. But are rubber directors bereft of business intelligence? Since the beginning of the year, according to the Rubber and Tea Quarterly of Messrs. Thompson, 222 rubber-producing companies have issued their reports, showing an aggregate net loss, after debenture interest, of £376,813 on a total issued share capital of £46,279,294, as compared with a profit of £3,368,845 on their preceding financial period. Now this result refers approximately to the year 1930, when the London price of rubber averaged 5.889d. per lb. For the first seven months of 1931 the average quotation has been no more than 3.413d. This week the price was 2¼d. Yet this disastrous fall in prices has not caused output to be curtailed in any degree commensurate with the drop in consumption. Rubber shareholders, even at this late hour, should reconsider their companies' finances and, if they feel doubtful, should exchange their shares for holdings in other companies which have stronger cash resources. For example, two cheap producers which are likely to survive any slump are London Asiatic Rubber & Produce and Allied Sumatra Plantations. At the end of last year the first had £76,000 in cash and British Government securities, and the second £311,000, their planted rubber areas being 13,833 acres and 21,568 acres, respectively. London Asiatic 2s. shares are quoted at 1s. 6d. and Allied Sumatra £1 shares at 6s.

* * *

The most difficult thing in the stock market world is to distinguish between one form of liquidation and another. Selling of shares by directors with "inside" knowledge of a company's difficulties has exactly the same appearance and effect in a market as the "forced" selling of some big holder who has got into trouble with his bank. The recent weakness of Kreuger & Toll and Swedish Match shares provoked such discussion that the "silent, strong man" of the group, Mr. Ivor Kreuger, was even prevailed upon to make a public statement. The selling of Kreuger & Toll down to 12⅜ and Swedish Match down to 7½ (highest levels this year having been 27⅜ and 13¾, respectively) was apparently traced in part to a Swedish firm which had got into difficulties, and in part to an "internationally organised bear syndicate which does not hesitate to spread unfounded rumours." Mr. Kreuger's statement was as reassuring as any statement could be in a crisis. Kreuger & Toll's total profits of a recurring nature for the first half of 1931 amounted to Kr. 52,238,000 as compared with Kr. 56,716,000 for the first half of 1930. The total recurring profits for the year 1931 are estimated at Kr. 89,550,000 against Kr. 93,790,532 for 1930. The Company has experienced no difficulty in collecting and transferring the interest due on its large holdings of foreign Government bonds. Its financial position is such that it has actually paid off Kr. 75,000,000 of its short-term debts, which are now reduced to negligible proportions. All this is on the authority of Mr. Kreuger, who is not given to over-emphasis. I may add that the Company has greatly strengthened its financial position by the exchange of shares between its subsidiary Ericsson Telephone and International Telephone & Telegraph. It is Kreuger & Toll's policy to limit dividends to the amounts available through recurring profits. Last year 30 per cent. was paid, and on this basis the "B" shares at 14 would yield 11.785 per cent. I prefer the 5 per cent. secured gold debentures which at 82½ yield 6.06 per cent. The interest on these debentures is covered about twelve times by the recurring profits.

* * *

A paragraph last week on the narrowing scope for investment in foreign Government bonds was concluded on a cheerful note—that Argentina had given proof of her financial strength by paying off the $50,000,000 short-term loans due to American banks. I was a little premature. These loans fall due next month and Argentina proposed to ship gold in repayment. This proposal, however, created a flurry among the institutions, British and American, with big investments in Argentina, for they were not anxious to see the gold reserves of the country dissipated in the interests of a New York finance house. At the moment of writing the issue is not decided.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
DALY'S.	FLORODORA.	Wed. and Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	LONDON WALL.	W. & T.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LATE NIGHT FINAL.	Wed. & Thurs.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	THE YOUNG IDEA.	Tues., Fri.
SAVOY.	THE SILVER BOX.	Mon. & Thurs. 2.30.
STRAND.	COUNSEL'S OPINION.	Th. & Sat. 2.30.
WHITEHALL.	TAKE A CHANCE.	Mon. & Sat.
WYNDHAM'S.	FRIGHTENED LADY.	W. Th.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.

DALY'S, (Ger.0201). Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
FLORODORA.
George Graves, Dorothy Ward, Lorna Hubbard, Violet Code, Charles Stone. Popular Prices.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar. 5122-3.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
LONDON WALL.
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

GLOBE. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Ger. 8724.
YVONNE ARNAUD in
THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.
A Modern Comedy by JAMES B. FAGAN.

HIPPODROME. London. GER. 0648.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in his New Musical Play
STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, Francis Lederer, in
AUTUMN CROCUS.
"An Enchanting Play."—*Evening News.* Ger. 3686.

PHŒNIX. Charing Cross Road. Tem. Bar 8611.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees, Weds., Sat., 2.30.
LATE NIGHT FINAL.
GODFREY TEARLE. LOUISE HAMPTON.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. GER. 9437.
Evenings, 8.15. MATS., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.
By RUDOLF BESIER.
Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke, Marjorie Mars, Scott Sunderland, Joan Barry.
400th Performance, Sept. 10. London's Longest Run.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE YOUNG IDEA.
By Noel Coward. Preceded by Elizabeth Pollock.
Upper Circle, bookable on day, 2/4 & 3/6.

SAVOY. Evgs, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30. Tem. B. 8888.
John Galsworthy's Masterpiece
THE SILVER BOX.
NANCY PRICE. NORMAN McKINNEL.

STRAND. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
COUNSEL'S OPINION.
OWEN NARES, ISABEL JEANS,
ALLAN AYNESWORTH. MORTON SELTEN.

WHITEHALL, S.W.1. Whitehall 6692.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees Mon. & Sat. at 2.30.
MARION LORNE and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
TAKE A CHANCE.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Temple Bar 3028.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Thurs. 2.30.
. . . FRIGHTENED LADY.
By EDGAR WALLACE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY. Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Feyder's Delightful French Version of *CARMEN* and *Q SHIPS.* Sunday, September 6th, for one week, New Polish Synchronised Film, *WARSAW.*

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Now 10 a.m. to Midnight
Sundays 6 to 11. Doors open 5 p.m.
2nd week **WALLACE BEERY**
in "THE SECRET 6."

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL.
Sole Lessees—Chappell & Co., Ltd.
PROMENADE CONCERTS.
NIGHTLY at 8.
SIR HENRY WOOD.
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Tickets, 2s. to 7s. 6d. at Agents and Chappell's, Queen's Hall.

ART GALLERY

AUGUSTE RODIN EXHIBITION. Important Exhibition of Sculpture by Rodin. LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQ. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

"TREVAUNANCE POINT,"
ST. AGNES.

With vacant possession and in excellent condition throughout.

A delightful freehold and modernized property on the Cornish cliffs adjoining the bathing beach amid beautiful scenery.

200 to 300 feet water frontage and large garden. Unique oak timbering. 3 spacious reception rooms; 5 bedrooms with running water; bathroom; 3 lavatories; well-equipped kitchen and scullery and outbuildings including a cottage and garage accommodation.

Ideal for country home or guest house or retreat for literary and artistic folk. At £2,000 an indisputable bargain. Mortgage of 90% can be arranged.

Apply to W. F. JULIAN, Messrs. John Julian & Co., Truro, Newquay and Falmouth.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED—cont.

CENTRAL, very comfortably furnished, self-contained bed-sitting room, 'phone by bed, gas fire, ring, electric light, bath, in mansion flat, 30s. Suit professional woman.—Box 58, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

JOURNALIST wants quiet single room as *pied-a-terre* within triangle Adelphi, Temple, British Museum.—Reply Box 81, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

HAMPSTEAD (Belsize Park, 12 minutes from Oxford Street). Charming rooms. Furnished, fully equipped (one with piano), or unfurnished, in spacious quiet house. Garden. Rent 12s. 6d.-30s.—22, Belsize Avenue. Prim. 1043.

CLOISTERED peace in charming flat near Clapham Common Tube. Three rooms, lavatory, kitchen-bathroom, electric light. In Private Close with unique outlook over Convent gardens. 30s. weekly. No children. —Agent, 206, Stewarts Road, S.W.8.

3 GNS. Small Cotswold house, charmingly furnished, central heating, to let 6 months or longer. Facing south. Lovely views. Three reception, 5 bedrooms, bath, studio, garage. Excellent cook and man left.—Box No. 85, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10, Queen Street, W.C.2.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

HYDE PARK, W. 2.

WITHIN 2 MINS. LANCASTER-GATE TUBE STN. Attractively FURNISHED and comfortable single and double BED-SITTING ROOMS. To be LET at very moderate prices, including breakfast, baths, light and full service. Dinners optional. Hot and cold water every room. Luxurious divan beds. 100 per cent. service. Excellent cooking. Constant hot water.
SIXTY-NINE SUSSEX GARDENS, W. 2.
PADDINGTON 9175.

KENSINGTON, NEWBURGH HOUSE, 184, CROMWELL ROAD, S.W. WESTERN 4948. Inclusive terms from 3 gns. single, 6 gns. double. Constant hot water. Gas-fires in all bedrooms. Good public rooms. Restaurant. Lawn tennis club attached. Two hard courts. Two minutes Earl's Court Station.—Miss C. M. TURNER, M.B.E.

LONDON'S best value is at White Lodge, now under the experienced personal management of Mrs. E. B. Redshaw. First quality food in plenty, well cooked and tastefully served. Board residence 2½ to 3½ guineas a week. Double rooms at reduced terms for permanency. 18, Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park, London.

REFORMED INNS
170 INNS AND HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
Ask for Descriptive List (2d. post free).
P.R.H.A.Ltd., St. George's House, 193, Regent Street, W.1.

EASTBOURNE.—2, Jevington Gardens. High-class vegetarian Guest House, at moderate terms. Full particulars on request.—Mrs. P. H. ROGERS (Cookery diploma). Tel. 866.

DEEPDENE, Shanklin, I.W.—Vegetarian Guest House. Beautiful situation, garden, tennis, excellent bathing. Friendly atmosphere amongst visitors, both English and Foreign. Mrs. WYNNE. Telephone: Shanklin 254

BOURNEMOUTH'S Food Reform Guest House, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gardens. Sea 3 mins., everything for a restful and happy holiday: very moderate tariff.—Write for Illustrated Prospectus. 'Phone 976.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service: quiet situation, minute from sea; 'phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

LLANDUDNO. The Craig-y-don, (Temperance). Promenade. Accommodation for 200 visitors. Lounge, writing and recreation rooms. Ideal centre for touring Snowdonia. Apply Misses Middleton and Wood. Telegrams, "Midwood, Llandudno." Telephone, 6489.

THOUGHTFUL FOLK who appreciate a happy week-end or longer holiday combined with unusual mental stimulus, are invited to send a postcard for the booklet of the most interesting Guest-House in England. Address: THE CRANEMOOR HOUSE, Highcliffe-on-sea, Hampshire.

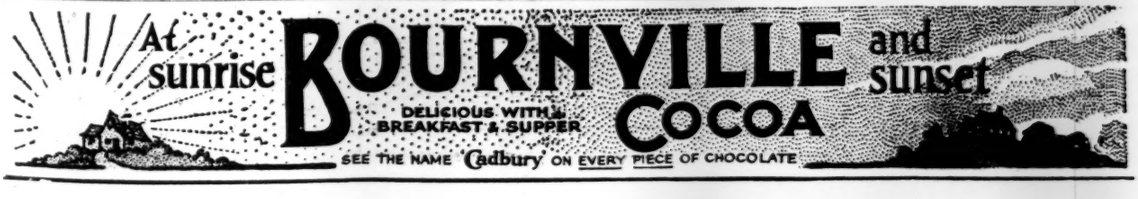
THE DUNFORD HOUSE (Cobden Memorial) Association. Dunford House is now open to receive Guests; it is situated at the foot of the South Downs in beautiful wooded country, within easy access of Cowdray Park and Ruins, Goodwood, Chichester, Arundel, Petworth and Bognor (Golf and Tennis).—Apply to MRS. HANMAN, Dunford House, Heyshott, near Midhurst, Sussex.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Paying guests received, permanent or temporary. Sunny, quiet situation, near bus, village. Bath, wireless; moderate terms.—Miss Sharpe, High Plat, Nutley, Uckfield.

AUTUMN IN THE SURREY HILLS. Rest and peace amidst enchanting surroundings. Dry soil. Large wooded garden. Excellent cuisine, meatless dishes a speciality.—Mrs. Chamberlain, Birdroyd, Gomshall. Phone: Shere 43.

BLACK FOREST. Paying guests, private house, moderate terms, every comfort. Sport, music, theatre, University. References exchanged.—Mrs. Hein, 9, Beethoven Street, Freiburg-Breisgau.

LADY, experienced Housekeeping abroad, offers services in return opportunity to spend Winter Riviera. Expenses only. Box 86, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

APPEALS

EAST END MISSION (founded 1885). Fortnight's holiday for 600 slum children. Day's outing for 15,000 slum children. Old people and tired mothers not forgotten. 6 doctors employed. 2,500 patients weekly. Great Religious, Social and Philanthropic Institution. Full particulars sent. Visitors invited. REV. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, E.1.